John Bull, July 14, 1923. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 868. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1923. TWOPENCE.

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD!

HAVE YOU A C.3 BRAIN?

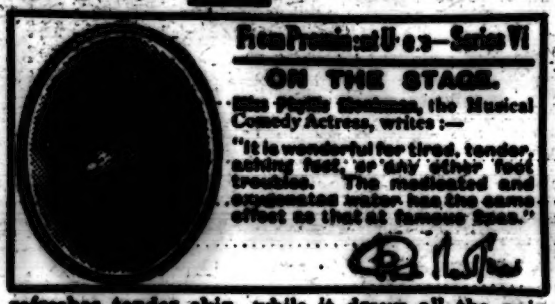
See pages 4 and 5

FOR PERSPIRING, ACHING, BURNING, AND SMARTING FEET TRY A "REUDELATED" FOOT-BATH

One small packet of Reudel Bath Saltrates is guaranteed to rid your feet of the above painful afflictions immediately. Also stops rheumatic, gouty, or other aches, pains, stiffness, or swellings in muscles or joints. No waiting. Results are quick and positive.

Various muscular pains in the feet, also corns, callosses, bunions and blisters, are simply indications of injured tissues, but there is no need of enduring any of these foot tortures a single moment. They can all be instantly relieved and permanently cured by resting the feet for about ten minutes in a warm foot-bath, containing a tablespoonful of Reudel Bath Saltrates. This softens even the worst corns, so they come out root and all at the first touch, and all calloused places quickly disappear. The feet being the farthest points from the heart to which blood must be forced, foot troubles are often due to defective circulation in these extremities. By treating the feet as above directed you will stimulate the blood circulation, clear out sebaceous matter from the clogged pores, render the skin active and healthy, and banish foot troubles for all time.

"Reudelated" water is not only highly medicated, but it also contains oxygen, an element which is Nature's own refreshing and healing agent. There is *no other way* in which these wonderful properties can be imparted to the water. It reproduces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the waters at celebrated natural curative springs, providing spa treatment at your own home. See how quickly "Reudelated" water cools and


From Prominent U.S.A.—Series VI
ON THE STAGE.
Miss Phyllis Gleckman, the Musical Comedy Actress, writes:—
"It is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet, as any other foot troubles. The medicated and oxygenated water has the same effect as that at famous Spas."

refreshes tender skin, while it draws all the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive joints. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered so strong and healthy that they prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon them. Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates have been sold throughout the world, every one containing the manufacturer's guarantee of satisfaction or money back immediately and without question. The sale is increasing daily. This means something and must convince even the most sceptical of its real merit. Ask your chemist or doctor about it. Every chemist in the United Kingdom keeps Reudel Bath Saltrates put up in packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices. A trial cannot cost you a penny, if you are not delighted by the effects. But you will be.

Catch the next Post!

Send No Money!

Wm. Little, 4, Millarbank, St., Glasgow, says: "I reckon I have got one of the best bargains going."

H. E. Chittenden, 18, Ravenscourt Sq, W. 6, says: Delighted with Pen and Pencil—worth more than double the price asked.

There is still time to join the thousands of delighted "John Bull" readers who have received a

2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

This unprecedented offer, made to introduce the new model 5/6 "John Bull" Pen has taken the country by storm. Don't miss it. Send no money—just forward the coupon.

CUT HERE

Send no money! Available for 10 days only. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 7 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 7 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, Cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B. 14.7.23 Date.....

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Home Insurance Gift

FIRE.

Loss by Fire to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

UP TO £300

PARKGATE, ROTHERHAM.—H. SPENCER, 69, Netherfield Lane.
BRYN, PORT TALBOT.—P. J. KINODON, 4, Meadow Row.
ASH, Nr. CANTERBURY.—E. R. WHISLEY, West March.
NEWBURY, BERKS.—Mrs. COLLINS, 36, Jack Street.
NORWICH, NORFOLK.—R. G. MALLETT, 33, Hanworth Common.
HYDE, CHESHIRE.—Miss K. MELLOR, 6, Mulberry Street, Flowery Field.
HORWICH, Nr. BOLTON, LANCS.—JOHN J. CRITCHLOW, 12, Bradley Avenue.
EVERTON, LIVERPOOL.—A. PONTING, 17, Thirlmere Road.
PONTYPRIDD, GLAM.—Mrs. M. JEFFRIES, 37, Bourchier Road.
BELFAST.—Mrs. A. PENMAN, 10, Lyle Street.
IDLE, BRADFORD.—Mrs F. WILSON, 10, High Street.
RHYMNEY, MON.—R. H. ROBINSON, 61, Forge Street.
OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.—C. H. GALLOWAY, 34, Pemberton Street.
TYNE DOCK.—J. CURRY, 2, Beattie Street.
ADLINGFLEET, Nr. GOOLE, YORKS.—Mrs. G. MELL.
BRACEBRIDGE, LINCOLN.—A. E. WALKLEY, 38, Russell Street.
EDMONTON, N.9.—Mrs. R. BROOKS, 79, Chalfont Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. E. FROST, 108, Mansfield Road.
MANCHESTER.—H. FOSTER, 442, Fourth Street, Trafford Park.
MUSSELBURGH, N.B.—Mrs. E. DONALDSON, 47, Eskside.
HANLEY, STAFFS.—D. PENNINGTON, 37, Sydney Street.
PADDINGTON, W.2.—H. WAITE, 19, Senior Road, Harrow Road.
TOTTENHAM, N.—F. LOVE, 2, Young's Cottages, Waggon Lane.
COCKENZIE, WEST LOTHIAN.—Mrs. A. McCOMB, 3, Gosford Road.
PARK, SHEFFIELD.—B. DENNELL, 37, Court 2 House, Granville Street.

STORM.

BRIDGETON, GLASGOW.—W. CARMICHAEL, 29, Savoy Street
WORCESTER.—A. L. THOMASSON, 25, Tybridge Street.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "spotted" fever), Measles, Anthrax.

TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. MILLETT, Brynoth House, Sirhowy.
SIRHOWY, MON.—Mrs. M. HARGENT, 377, King Street.
PONKEY, WREXHAM.—Mrs. M. JONES, 22, Pennant Road.
RHYDFELAN, PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. E. RICHARD, 17, Dufferyn Avenue.
N. WALSHAM.—Mrs. B. GEE, The Ramblers, Norwich Road.
SITTINGBOURNE, W. HOCKEY, 27, Frederick Street.
WARRINGTON.—J. MEPHAM, 30, Phillip Street.

£250 DEATH BENEFIT paid this week

JOHN BULL has this week paid Mr. T. Chivers, 24, Fort Street, Slaine, Mon., the sum of £250 in respect of death claim on behalf of his wife, who met with accidental death in the home. We also give a few names of the hundreds of others who have benefited this week on account of Fire, Storm, Sickness and Accident.

GRAYS, ESSEX.—Mrs. E. S. SPENCER, 102, London Road.
ABERBARGOED.—Mrs. A. HALL, 53, Elm Street.
EDINBURGH.—J. A. SMITH, 4, Albion Terrace.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. TYNDALL, 82, Pretoria Road, E. Southsea.
ENFIELD HIGHWAY.—Mrs M. E. HYDE, 497, Hertford Road.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mr. LOUCH, 70, Richard Street, Wood Road.
RHYMNEY, MON.—W. E. BRANNAN.—8, Upper Cross Row.
ABERDARE, S. WALES.—Mrs. R. WILLIAMS, 20, Dumfries Street.
S. PETHERTON, SOMERSET.—J. R. S. COOMBS, Over Stratton.
BRITHDIR.—Mrs. E. G. HILL, Rock House.
LYE, STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. N. CHAMBERLAIN, 37, Unlin Street.
LYE, STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. M. WOOD, 71, Bromley Street.
TETBURY, GLOS.—D. E. PARKER, London Road.
SWAINSHILL, HEREFORD.—Miss S. PARSON, The Row.
ST. HELIER, JERSEY.—Mrs. E. CROTIN, 17, Leicester Street.

Home Accidents £3 per week.

NR. CHESTER.—Mrs. H. RATCLIFFE, 14, Kwart Street, Saltney Ferry.
HOWGATE, FALKIRK.—Mrs. S. MCATEER, 18, Dullings Buildings.
NEWTON HILL, WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. V. RICHMOND, 1, Parkfield View.
ECKINGTON, DERBY.—Mrs. M. A. MAY, 13, Dronfield Road.
ATTERCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. E. PEARCE, 51, Chelmsford Street.

CASTLEFORD, YORKS.—Mrs. M. PROCTOR, 10, Armitage Street.
INGROW, NR. KEIGHLEY.—Mrs. L. TERRY, 3, Hazel Street, Spring Bank.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. C. TAYLOR, 1/52, Owen Street, Bath Row.
HUNTINGFORD, HERTS.—Mrs. H. POULTON, Norfolk Road.
ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. TOWNS, 157, Frederick Road.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. ANDREW, 14, Alexandra Street, Lr. Broughton.

Home Accidents £1 per week

SHERBURN-IN-ELMET.—Mrs. M. WOOD, Lytham House, Garden Lane.
LLWYNPIA, RHONDDA.—Mrs. A. LEWIS, 31, Pontrhondda Road.
DURHAM.—Mrs. TIZARD, 24, Cook Street, Seaham Colliery.
BRAMSHALL, Nr. UTTOXETER.—J. MOTTRAM.
CAERAU, BRIDGEND.—R. PARRY, 38, Morgan Street.
NORFOLK.—Mrs. M. BROWN, Lodge Road, Feltwell, Nr. Brandon.
WEST DERBY, LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. A. FISHER, Croxteth Cottages, Dyslegia Lane.
PENLOCKS, TREHARRIS.—Mrs. M. A. DAVIES, 2, Rosehill Cottages.
PONTYCYMMER.—Mrs. E. EVANS, 34, Upper Adare Street.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. H. SUTTON, 21a, Stead Street.
HOMERTON, E.9.—Mrs. F. STUART, 41, Marlow Road.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. A. WILLIAMSON, 117, Gerard Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—R. C. DRANE, 179, Stanhope Street.
STOCKSBRIDGE Nr. SHEFFIELD.—FRANK LONGDEN, 9, Johnson Street.

The Holiday Season

The benefits of the "John Bull" Free Home Insurance Gift are extended to registered readers during their stay at Hotels, Boarding Houses or Apartments, both as to Accident benefits and to material damages, the latter being limited to £20 to cover Registered Reader's Luggage. Registered readers will be required to show that they have purchased the paper whilst away.

BARNSLEY.—Mrs. R. NORRIS, 11, Wilthorpe Ave., 3rd Row, Huddersfield Road.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. A. WICKS, 67, Police Row, Norton Bridge.
BARGOED.—A. H. CROSS, 19, Llancaya St.
NEWPORT, MON.—J. JONES, 43, William St.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. MARTIN, 17, Bunny Court, Workhouse Street.
SPENNYMOOR, DURHAM.—Mrs. W. CARRUTHERS, 22, King James Street.
LLANTRISANT, GLAM.—Mrs. A. THOMAS, 43, Swan Street.
FULHAM, S.W.6.—J. J. BAILEY, 9, Avenell Street.
Nr. HEDNESFORD, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 372, Littleworth Road.
RUSHOLME, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. J. ATKIN, 19, Nelson Street.
UDDINGTON, Co. LANARK.—Mrs. A. CROW, 22, Croft Bank Street.
SOUTHPORT.—C. MANN, 16, Cypress Road.
BATLEY.—Mrs. M. A. BUTLER, 35, Forrodale Yard, Common Road.
TEALAW, GLAM.—R. W. CRAFF, 178, Ynysmeudu Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

CUT HERE

J.B., 14.7.23.

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To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.
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Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent .....

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Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 14.7.23.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

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MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Bell manufacturers' bankrupt lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Waldman's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 66, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, MARKET-MEN & BEGINNERS. — If you want real value in Remnants, Cut Lengths and Ready-made, get in touch with Levy's, Ltd., Manchester Warehousemen, 30a, Commercial Road, E. Wholesale List free.

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£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for illustrated Catalogue and particulars to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good com.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 16, The Arcade, Grattan Rd., Bradford.

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£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 242, Houndsditch, London.

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CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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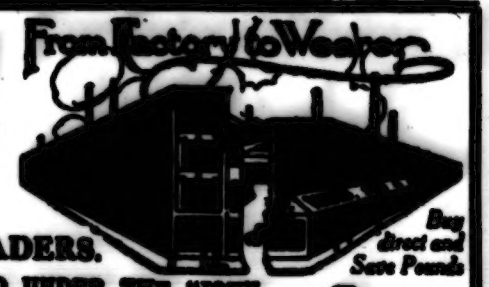

THESE WATCHES ARE SOLD UNDER THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE—SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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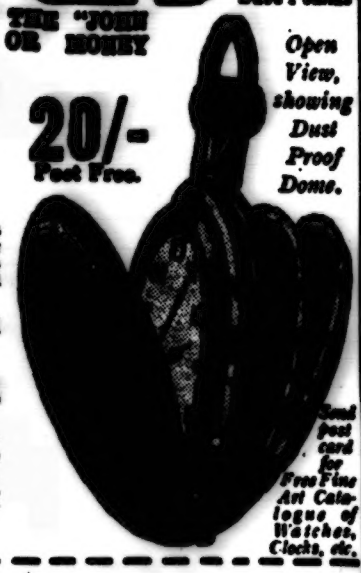
GOLD FILLED FULL HUNTER

20/- Post Free.



Specification—Best Lever Movement Action. Perfect Timekeeper. Guaranteed 10 years. Extra Strong Case fitted with Dust and Damp Proof Dome as illustrated. Fitted with Patent Release Action and cannot possibly be overwound.

So sure are we of its ability to withstand hard usage that we enclose a

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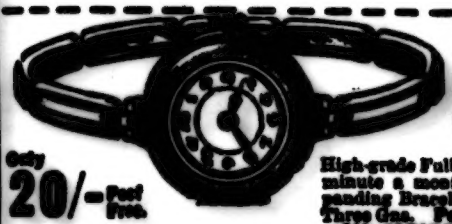
with each watch sold. Post free 20/- only. Every "John Bull" reader should seize the opportunity of securing one of these Handsome Full Hunters. Exact reproduction of a 20 Guinea Model.

Send post card for Free Fine Art Catalogue of Watches, Clocks, etc.



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Compare our prices and judge for yourself. Thousands of "John Bull" readers are in possession of our watches and have written us, remarking on their wonderful value. *DO NOT DELAY.* Send your order to-day under the Guarantee Terms to

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REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free. —Hire-to-Tweed Co. pl., 2, James St., Stornoway.

REAL HARRIS TWEEDS from Loom to Wearer, reduced to 6/- a yard. All wool, handmade, ideal for sporting and Negligee wear. Patterns post free.—Mrs. Morrison, Dept. J.B., Leverburgh, Harris, N.B.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid stimulants restore youth, energy, vitality, nerve force, power and joy. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Forcefair, Ltd., 87, St. Albans.

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The "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge is edited by A. EMIL DAVIES, L.C.C., *Fellow of the Royal Economic Society, Fellow of the Institute of Commercial Teachers, etc.*

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Why in Britain do wealthy people almost invariably live in the West-end of a town?

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July 14, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

19 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The Railway Crisis.
The N.U.R. must rescind its resolution "to neither arbitrate nor negotiate" on the proposed wage reductions. The country will not tolerate another strike.

But Why Strike?
We cannot blame the dockers who are challenging the official "cost-of-living" figures. To regulate wages by such artificial standards is absurdly unfair. Our advice, however, is—"Reason."

On One Condition.
The Government is reported to be considering a separate agreement with Germany. If such a course will *ensure* payment of our debts it will be a good thing.

Still Dodging.
Germany has no money for reparations but has ample funds for building new Atlantic liners. For heaven's sake collect the cash or else admit it can't be done—and end the farce.

The Limit.
Herr Hugo Stinnes has entered into a combine with a Paris bank. With France and Germany at grips in the Ruhr it is a cynical commentary on the deadlock that is destroying Europe.

A Step Forward.
In forcing the League of Nations to hold all its sittings in public Lord Robert Cecil has won a notable victory. But not even he can make the League more than a super "talking-shop."

Mad Rivalry.
France has immediately increased her air force in answer to the Baldwin programme. Unless the League of Nations can effectively check this insanity Armageddon will inevitably recur.

Waste Somewhere.
Our fighting forces are now costing £60,000,000 a year more than pre-war—exclusive of the Air Force increases. A strict inquiry into administration seems called for.

Tell Us All.
Admiral Beatty's address to the M.P.s on the Singapore base was "confidential." Since it is going to cost us £20,000,000 we have a right to know what he said.

Let's Have the Truth.
While the Government pretend that all is well with India there are no fewer than 25,000 Indians in jail——for rebellion. Such a state of affairs needs explanation.

Bring it over!
An American doctor has invented a drug that makes people tell the truth. We should dearly like to dose all our politicians with it!

High Time.
Martial law has been abolished in Egypt. It is the first sign of sanity in dealing with a problem that has been mishandled from the start.

Two Bull's-eyes.
The Premier says that the capital levy is a stupid proposition and that the English people are never going Bolshevik. Right both times!

A Good Beginning.
The Labour party shed a good deal of nonsense from their programme at their recent conference. It is a necessary preliminary to the assumption of responsibility.

A Wise Leader.
Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has proved again his value as a leader by insisting on ordinary courtesy and discipline among his followers. He has no time for hotheads and wreckers.

Alas! Poor Walton!
The Labour Party has refused to demand the abolition of Royalty. What Mr. Newbold will say when he returns from Moscow we can't imagine!

British and Proud of It!
Mr. Norman Angell was, we regret, erroneously described in our issue of June 30 as an American citizen. He is British born, of British parentage, and rightly proud of it.

Good Heavens!
In the House of Lords the Government admitted that the Housing Bill was only regarded as a "step forward," and not as a solution. It's futile to trifle with the most serious problem the nation has faced for years.

The Ministry of Ill-Health.
In a year 60,000 children under one year old have died. Deaths from cancer have increased 50 per cent. Our White Elephant is wrongly named.

The Modern Hired.
The Government grant for supplying milk and meals to starving mothers and children has been reduced from £100,000 to £8,000. What is the use of Mr. Chamberlain saying that economy in this direction is "unthinkable"?

Helping the Rings.
The Ministry of Health refuses to allow local authorities to purchase foreign cement and up go the prices charged by the "rings." This muddle-headed interference must stop.

Rip Van Winkle.
A year ago the Home Office drafted some regulations to safeguard those working on buildings being constructed or destroyed. No one has heard of them since.

The Unjust Steward.
The disappearance of the land valuation system will enable land owners to charge what they like for land wanted for public purposes. Another stab at the taxpayer.

A Matter of Honour.
The Olympic Games Association is appealing for £40,000. Britain's reputation demands that the nation should train her athletes as France does.

Incitement to Riot!
Sir Alfred Mond thinks the remedy for social ills is the creation of more millionaries. Very nice reading for the two million unemployed!

Insane Muddle and Waste.
No fewer than six intermediaries get a "rake-off" in the handling of agricultural produce. No wonder agriculture is dying.

Taxing the Poor.
Once the war sugar duties yielded £3,000,000. Now the consumer pays £40,000,000. What that means to the poorer classes can be readily imagined.

Tardy Justice.
Very shortly no clergyman will be in receipt of less than £300 a year. It is a long overdue admission that the starvation wages of the majority are an open scandal.

Get Busy.
Now that certain M.P.s have been pestered with money lenders' circulars perhaps they will do what they should have done long ago—stop a pernicious practice.

And There You Are!
At the General Election 400 M.P.s *pledged* themselves to vote against the entertainments tax. The tax was not repealed. So much for political honesty.

Thank you, Grandma!
The Early Closing Act is to be continued until the end of 1924. So if you want to buy a packet of "fags" after eight you'll have to wait another eighteen months—at least.

One for his Nob!
In deciding to continue Sunday games in the parks the L.C.C. has given Stiggins and Co. a well-deserved snubbing. Other cranks please note.

Both Badly Wanted.
An international police war on criminals is to be organised. An international war on cranks and faddists would be an equally good notion.

Reciprocation.
Would it not serve the Americans right if our authorities insisted that all their ships should leave this side "dry"? They could hardly complain.

Police Honour.
It is not playing the game for the police to take notes of evidence given by "Bookies" eager to help the Betting Tax Commission with a view to future prosecutions. But then Killjoy-inspired bureaucracy was never sporting.

Cruelty.
Offences against young children are growing, but that does not excuse the cruelty involved in making girls of tender years give evidence when the only evidence material could be furnished by others. In this respect some magistrates seem to be as bad as the criminals.

Age and Cour-age.

Although in her 77th year, the grandmother of a little girl named Davies plunged into the Canal at Ynistawe and rescued her grand-daughter. Who said too old at 40?

Municipal Meanness.

Walsall Town Council sees far more value in roses in the arboretum than roses on the children's cheeks. And so they caused the Band of Hope Fete to be abandoned on account of the damage that might be done to the flowers in the arboretum. To swindle kiddies out of their treat is the lowest form of paltriness; they'd steal a blind man's dog!

Bradford Breed.

When his little comrade, Josef Eyekens, got out of his depth and sank in a mill dam in Ingleby Road, Bradford, Arthur Sampson did not hesitate. He is only twelve, but he showed the courage of a man by divesting himself of his coat and at once diving to the rescue. Unfortunately he could not find Josef, who was drowned. Arthur is a little hero, and Bradford should show its appreciation of his gallantry.

Flog the Brute.

We compliment Alderman Sir Charles Johnston on his wisdom, and the City of London on its chief magistrate. A man was charged with cruelty to a horse, and Sir Charles sent him to jail for a month, remarking that "the only deterrent for you people is corporal punishment, and I am sorry it is not in my power to order you to be flogged." So are we.

Penalised for Service.

Before a destitute man can obtain relief at Gateshead he has to assure the Guardians that he has never done much work in his life, otherwise he gets no relief. If he has worked for about twelve years in his last job they refuse him relief on the ground that he should have saved enough money to live on. Whereas the usual rate of wages is sufficient to starve on.

Hee-Haw!

There being no common-sense in the betting laws on the Statute Book, they should be repealed. How farcical they are a case at Bacup proves. A bookmaker named William Fox was fined £5 for taking seventy-seven bets. A number of the backers had found winners, but the magistrates very considerately and foolishly prevented Fox from paying out by ordering that the slips in his possession should be forfeited. Again, the law is an ass.

A Selfish Brute.

David John Davies, of Aberavon, is a selfish brute for whom the old-fashioned punishment of flogging out of the town would seem to be appropriate. Though in receipt of a weekly pension of 38s. 1d. he allowed his wife only 2s. to live on. He even drew her maternity benefit and spent it on drink, and his treatment of his four starving children was so shocking that the Port Talbot Bench said they would suffer for the rest of their lives. Then, why only three months' hard?

A Houses-to-let Swindler.

Twelve months' hard may teach Alfred John Hudson, alias Martin, that honesty is the best policy, even if it does seem old-fashioned. To advertise that he had a house to let when he had none, and extract fees as a guarantee of good faith from anxious applicants, was a fraud of the meanest type. Probably for good reasons the rascal has refused his address, but letters addressed "Strangeways Gaol, Manchester," will find him.

Easy to Cheer.

Though handicapped by having an artificial leg, Bert Trotman, of Leslie Street, Aberavon, climbed to the top of a tall tree to rescue a frightened kitten which had remained there crying pitcously during the whole of a week-end. His action is worthy of the highest commendation, but it speaks ill for Aberavon that it should have been to a cripple with only one leg to show such an example. The only part the crowd took in the rescue was a rousing cheer.

The Ministry of Death.

It does not appear to concern the Ministry of Health very much whether the people of Gelligaer are burned to death in their beds or not. So the Ministry refuses the town permission to proceed with its fire brigade scheme. It should henceforth be called the Ministry of Death.

Creating Unemployment.

Most of the unemployment in Portsmouth is due to the fact that the high docking charges will not permit ships to put in there for repairs. Instead of paying large sums in doles each week, why not reduce these charges and attract dock-yard work? It is the only common-sense thing to do —that's why it isn't done!

Suffocated Innocents.

At the National Baby Week Conference a speaker pointed out that in one area in Burslem the infant mortality rate was five hundred of every thousand births. Even in Whitechapel, which is generally regarded as one of the worst of the London districts, the rate is only ninety. Will many Cockneys pity the Potteries?

War Office Blunderism.

The War Office is too brassbound to appreciate national sentiment; that is why it has removed the garrison of Scottish soldiers from Edinburgh Castle. The result is that Scottish national sympathies are badly hurt by this thoughtless proceeding. Disloyalty in Ireland was fanned by similar treatment to Irish regiments: is the War Office bereft of all sense of judgment?

That Beast Davis.

The Barnsley pit-sinker, James H. Davis, is not only an unfaithful husband and a woman sleuth, but also a heartlessly cruel brute. Because his wife complained that she had seen him kiss the baby of a single woman, with whom he had become entangled, he thrashed her. His excuse was that she had "shown him up." Such men ought to be flogged.

The Gas Peril.

In seventy-one out of ninety-two buildings tested by officials of the Liverpool Corporation, the gaspipes and fittings were found to be defective. We have heard quite sufficient of the poisonous quality of the gas supplied in Liverpool to realise that this state of things constitutes a serious danger to the public, which the Liverpool Corporation should make it their immediate duty to obviate.

The Home of Death.

So overcrowded are the slums of Atherstone that there are cases where several children have to sleep in the same room as a corpse. The District Council's only remedy offered is to remove bodies to the mortuary. The only consolation is that they would be housed better dead than alive. And yet the Council can pay its officials honoraria of £1,000 for some nebulous services in connection with its water scheme.

Criminal Neglect.

Although the jury returned a verdict of accidental death in the case of a man who was killed by a train at Bermondsey, the moral verdict is "manslaughter" against the Southern Railway Company. The man was employed by the company and was working on the line when the look-out man had been sent to London Bridge. The jury agreed that there was negligence on the part of the Company in not having the look-out man there. And why was the widow NOT told until thirty-six hours after the tragedy? More neglect?

Fed-Up Consumptives.

A plentiful and wholesome diet plays an important part in the successful treatment of consumption, but many of the patients at the Thingwall Sanatorium in Cheshire appear to be fed-up in another sense. Complaints are ripe regarding the quantity and quality of the food supplied, and those who are not fortunate enough to have private supplies go hungry rather than eat the unappetising messes set before them. Recently a whole ward refused to touch the dinner that was served up, and after some difficulty were given a plate of rice pudding as a substitute. This is surely carrying the craze for economy too far.

Fit for Dead Heroes.

At Macclesfield the patrolling of the parks is a cushy job into which some very able-bodied men have luckily fallen. Five disabled ex-Service men interviewed the Council to suggest that such a job could best be filled by disabled men, but the Council feel that it has done its duty by putting up a memorial to the dead soldiers. To expect them to consider the living is to impose on their generous feelings!

Tenderness for Torturers.

Mrs. Ann Whittaker, of Station Road, Penge, kept a bull terrier cooped up in one room for seven years. As anyone with an ounce of gumption would imagine, the poor dog suffered terribly from lack of fresh air and exercise, and it became so weak that it could not walk. The Bromley Bench travestied justice by fining Mrs. Whittaker £2. Tenderness for torturers is madness.

Find the Man.

Another of those moral monsters, who make the seduction of servant girls a business, has escaped the consequences. Edith Maffin and her two babies, at Lostock Hall, have paid with their lives. It was the old, old story of a betrayed woman hiding her shame. Servant girls are not safe when the identity of men who ruin their lives is unrevealed.

Poison by Pollution.

Constant complaints are being made as to the Knutsford's water-supply, and grounds for these are forthcoming in the report of the Medical Officer of Health, who states that the water reveals "a degree of pollution which absolutely necessitates measures to improve the quality." Where has the surveyor been to allow the water to get like this? And how many people have been nearly poisoned by the neglect?

The Church Patriotic!

The Church Travellers' Club, 3, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, London, W., which has a committee consisting of leading lights of the establishment, is following the discreditable example of the Free Church Touring Guild in sending out circulars printed and posted in Germany. "Out of the margin of profit, after paying all expenses, we were able to provide holidays for a number of hard-worked clergy," is their boast. They would do better to provide work for British printers compulsorily on holiday through such mean and unpatriotic methods.

Sport and Persecution.

While the London County Council are being congratulated on their sporting spirit in allowing a thirteen-year-old boy to leave school to be apprenticed as a jockey, thousands of parents all over the country are being threatened with summonses for not sending to school lads who turned fourteen after the commencement of a term. In one case put before us, the parents have fourteen children to keep, and the few shillings the boy might earn would be a godsend. It is time this persecution ceased.

Mother or Fiend?

Her little daughter, Dorothy, having taken 2s. from the bedroom of a lodger, Mrs. Kate Evans, 47, Newton Road, Hoylake, twisted her child's wrist, thrashed her with a perambulator tyre, and caught her by the throat. As if she had not done enough she heated a poker in the fire, and saying "you have got to have it," burnt the child's wrist in three places. The Birkenhead magistrates were right when they described the brutal mother's conduct as "barbarous and inhuman." After that they bound her over for twelve months. No wonder little children are ill-treated.

Illegal Legalities.

Following on our protest last week against refusing bail to remanded prisoners, a glaring instance has occurred. A woman was tried at the Birmingham Assizes for concealing the birth of her child, and being unable to find bail of £100, she was kept in custody at Burton for nearly four months, although her guilt had not been proved. The reason given was that she was a native of Birmingham. These subtle legal distinctions are beyond us.

Line Up To Be Branded!

In an advertisement of the Newmarket Horticultural Society's Exhibition and Poultry, Pigeon, Duck and Rabbit Show, which is being held this week, we observe a foot-note "No Pass-outs except by Stamp on the Hand." Just imagine anyone attending a function of this character having to submit to being branded with a rubber stamp. We could forgive him if he stamped on a committeeman's face.

Glorious Devon.

Berry Down sounds like the end of a song about glorious Devon, but it is in fact the name of a place in that county where the school managers have recently withdrawn the service of a van which formerly conveyed to school children whose homes were more than three miles distant. Do they think that the sight of the little ones trudging over the roads in all weathers, ill-clad and badly shod, will add to the attractiveness of Devon as a holiday resort?

Gill's Gulls.

We must again draw the attention of the police to the activities of W. Martin Gill, the incorrigible rogue who continues under a variety of aliases to sell tickets for benefit concerts for superannuated cab and bus' drivers. Hundreds of people who had bought tickets for one of these functions turned up at St. Peter's Hall, Manor Street, High Street, Clapham, recently, only to discover that there was no concert and that they had been swindled out of their shillings by this tearful impostor.

Burning Over the Boundary.

The Bristol City Fire Brigade promptly answered a call when the Kingswood Y.M.C.A. club-room was found in flames, but refused to assist in subduing the conflagration because the burning building was a few yards outside the City boundary, although neighbours whose property was in jeopardy pleaded with them to come to the rescue. This may be in keeping with regulations, but it is not in accordance with common-sense. We are not surprised that there is heartburning over the boundary.

Sinister Simister.

Why Oldham workers cannot manage to exist on bread-cheese-and-water dinners is what is puzzling Alderman Simister. That comfortable gent advocated a 25 per cent. reduction in the salaries of the staff and called "cost-of-living" mere stuff and nonsense. "Cost of living is what you make it. I have had many bread-and-cheese dinners and a drink out of the filter, although I had money in my pocket." Therefore, he says, don't let workers have money in *their* pockets. His name should be Sinister, not Simister.

The Teacher's Lot.

A teacher's lot would be anything but a happy one, if all parents were such yahoos as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, of Ealing. A daughter of their's was corrected with a cane at the Little Ealing School, whereupon the parental Browns went to the school on vengeance bent. The man slapped the face of one of the teachers, Miss Sisterton, and threw her down the stairs. Another teacher, Miss Barnard, who attempted to protect her colleague, was pulled across a corridor by the female Brown. The couple got off lightly in being fined only £3.

An Unavoidable Accident.

Accidents will happen even with the best-regulated of motor-cars. In the case in which Mr. Harold Bryan lost his life through being thrown from a car driven by Staff-Sergeant Bennett, of York, we were unfortunately misled by a Provincial correspondent into supposing that the fatality was due to carelessness. In the light of fuller information we are glad to be able to say that the accident was quite unavoidable, and we very much regret that the distress of the staff-sergeant at the death of his friend should have been increased by the comments we passed through a misunderstanding of the circumstances

Clarence's Joke.

Clarence Hobday is either a meddlesome fool, or a young man with a contorted sense of humour. Probably Clarence thought it great fun to give a false alarm of fire, in Piccadilly, late at night, and bring nineteen firemen, a motor-escape, a motor-ladder, and three motor-pumps, dashing to the spot. No doubt Clarence's grin changed to the other side of his countenance when he was fined £20 for his frolic. He might have kept the brigade away from a real fire, the idiot!

Driven to Death.

Thomas Brightwell, of Camberwell, might have been alive to-day if the L.C.C. ambulance service was efficient. An old man of 82, he broke his leg, and the ambulance took him to King's College Hospital, where there was *no* bed available. Consequently he had to be put back into the ambulance, after his injury had been dressed, and taken on to the Lambeth Infirmary, where he died. A daily report of beds available at hospitals would avoid such deplorable blunders.

Daughter's Cruelty!

Merciful rather than just were the Otley bench, when, in dealing with cruel Ada Grainger, they bound her over for six months. She deserved to be severely punished for throwing mugs of tea and pots at her poor old mother, dragging her about by the hair of the head, and pitching her into the street. Ada was told that if she again offends she will be sent to jail.

THE ART OF GETTING ON WITH OTHERS

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE intrepid explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, once said that the most serious danger to be encountered during the hardships of a polar expedition was that arising from irritability. So well were he and his companions aware of this that they took special pains to guard against it beforehand.

Monotony, confined space during the lengthy periods when it became necessary to take refuge from the elements, abnormal atmospheric conditions, and the ceaseless strain of endurance all combined to throw the best regulated nerves out of gear and create unreasoning antipathies.

A careful watch had therefore to be kept on every symptom tending in this direction, and special means devised for freshening thought and feeling as well as physical energy.

For similar reasons a course of moral hygiene is desirable in everyday life.

Decent-living, well-meaning people often fail to get on well together in the same house, the same occupation, or the same community of interests.

If they only met casually they would like each other; as it is they hate each other, or think they do.

Every little disagreeableness is magnified between them; every peculiarity of either becomes detestable in the jaundiced eyes of his fellow.

As often as not mere unescapable nearness has most to do with this clash of personalities, especially when conjoined with the hum-drum and commonplace of daily strain and toil. We are seldom at our best under such conditions.

The young wife who was overcome with horror at the thought that she would have to see her husband's face at the breakfast table every day for the rest of her life unconsciously tapped a real source of trouble.

The remedy for it lies in obtaining sufficient mental detachment from one's daily concerns to enable one's nature to recover poise and strength.

Stare off from your brother bondman till you are at peace with yourself and you will discern in him much to compassionate and something to love.

Transparent Libel.

The Kent Education Committee, no doubt in the interests of economy, have adopted transparency panel envelopes which obviate the necessity for separate addressing. It is a little unpleasant, however, for a ratepayer to receive a communication so badly folded that the last line of the letter becomes incorporated with the address, so as to read "Prosecution for illegal employment. Mr. ——," etc. It looks to us like a case of transparent libel.

Badgering the Homeless.

Unable to obtain a home in Grimsby a seaman named Eccles, his wife, and their five little children were compelled to shelter in a stable and a pig-sty. To the shame of the local Town Council. When it was suggested to Eccles that his suffering family should go into the workhouse he was naturally indignant. Not that they should become paupers did he marry and bring his dear children into the world. There being no place like a home one should be found for the family.

Congratulations!

The officers and crew of the *Trevessa* are to be congratulated not only upon their heroism, but upon the fact that when they return home they will not be curtly informed that their pay ceased from the moment their ship went to the bottom. The crew of the *Marcele* were less fortunate. They were refused money by their purser, and had to cadge from passengers and pick up cigarette ends on their homeward voyage, only to be refused unemployment pay at Southampton, until they had signed on for six days without benefit.

Jiggery-pokery.

Uttoxeter having been presented with a field for the purposes of a public recreation ground, it became necessary to appoint a caretaker. Out of eighteen applicants the Council selected one who was already in other employment, ignoring the claims of others who had previously had similar occupation, but were unfortunately out of work. It is this sort of thing which stirs up resentment in the ranks of the workless and increases bitter hopelessness. Nor has the Council made itself any more popular.

Civil Slaves of the Post Office.

While it is gratifying to know that the Lytton entrants to the Civil Service have been granted an increase of pay of 12s. 6d. a week plus bonus as a result of the findings of the Southborough Committee, we may well ask why similar men in the post office are not placed on an equal footing. Thousands of ex-Service men taken into the post office under the Lytton Report are struggling to support families on wages of 38s. to 41s. a week. To employ men who have done their best for their country under conditions approximating to slavery is a disgrace to a civilised Government.

Insulting the Wounded.

Many Government trainees seem to find themselves in difficulties as soon as they begin to look for work. A week ago, for instance, a man who applied to the Glasgow Corporation for a job as motor driver, was on the point of being engaged, when the official in charge learned that his qualifications consisted of a certificate obtained after a six months' course at a local training centre for disabled ex-Service men, and at once refused to employ him, saying that he did not want men who had been wounded. What *are* the poor fellows to do?

A Disgraceful Business.

Where the teachings of the writers of so-called medical books fail, in steps Mrs. M. Odell, of 26, Bishop's Road, London, W. This person sends entirely unsolicited offers of nostrums for "quickly relieving all female irregularities and suppressions" to pregnant women who have never communicated with her in any way, and whose names and addresses must be supplied to her by spies, coupled with an offer of "a special letter of advice dealing with your own individual case." We suggest that the police should turn their attention to this disgraceful business.

Burlington Bertie the Beau

HOW easy it is for the possessor of a smooth tongue and attractive personality to obtain the confidence of the unsuspecting, is shown only too clearly here.

A SILVER tongue, an engaging personality and a hanging monocle are a few of the assets that have helped W. J. Stuart Woodley to fame—or, at least, to ill-fame.

Before the imperious manner of this modern Beau Brumell ordinary citizens appear to lose their sense of reasoning. A lamb-like trust deposes their customary caution, and before they have recovered from their spell Woodley has borrowed a few pounds, graciously condescended to board with them free of charge, or presented cheques which are not honoured.

It matters not to My Lord whether his victim is the proprietor of an hotel or merely a poor old landlady depending for her livelihood on the old age pension of her husband. Both will be left waiting for the money.

Woodley's latest escapade shows him running true to form. Employed by the National Economy Association, of 128, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., the managing director of the concern drew in his (Woodley's) favour cheques to the value of £12. The money was for subsequent payment to agents of the Company, and the cheques were made out on a Saturday. On Monday the agents protested they had not been paid and the Association immediately ordered the bank to stop payment of the cheques, but the soft-tongued Woodley had already disposed of two of them at least, each valued at £3. One of them went in exchange for three crisp Treasury notes to an unlucky individual he met in a bar.

The stranger, an unemployed man, fell for Woodley's personality with touching simplicity. He was promised a splendid position with the National Economy Association at £800 a year. Later he loaned his "prospective employer" a further £2, and when indignant on discovering that the cheque had been refused, was finally soothed by Woodley with a promissory note for £5 10s. We hope he gets his money.

The other cheque went to "pay" for Woodley's lodgings in the Victoria neighbourhood, where he already owed a sum of £6. Our immaculate hero stooped to rather a low trick at this place—low even for Woodley! Telling his old landlady that things were going well with him in the City and that he had a very important appointment, he succeeded in obtaining from her a clean shirt, a pair of socks and a pair of boots. Then drawing on his lemon-coloured gloves and fixing his monocle, Woodley made his exit—for good.

He does not trouble about luggage. He never has any. Only a few doors further away he had previously obtained £1 from another of his landladies in order to recover certain pieces of imaginary luggage which were supposed to be at Victoria.

At another house in the same district Woodley remained for some months, paying a small sum occasionally, but finally disappearing when his debt amounted to about £16. Here he sat in his room typing film plays on a typewriter that was never paid for.

In August, 1922, Woodley circulated through the post a stereotyped letter asking for subscriptions of 5s. for a book, "The Secret Out," which he claimed to have written. The work purported to deal with the interior working of the Coalition, and the circular was addressed to persons who would "welcome a True Blue Conservative Government." Woodley claimed to have inside knowledge based on his work "as a Parliamentary reporter."

Many people sent the plausible fellow cheques and postal orders for the amount required. Many application at his address failed to produce the wonderful volume.

The whereabouts of W. J. Stuart Woodley are at present unknown. No doubt he is generously sponging on some trusting landlady the while he complains with languid querulousness of the unsuitability of his surroundings.

The Victim of William IV.

HERE is a case of a man who having wiped out a disgrace by two years' honest work is suddenly made to suffer because of an obsolete act.

A BRAVE man struggling with adversity, the Romans used to say, was a spectacle for the gods. The West Ham Board of Guardians have apparently not been told of this or they would be thoroughly ashamed of the shabby and cruel manner in which they have treated Mr. F. H. Somerville, of 47, Colville Road, Leyton, E.

The poor fellow, like many others, came up against hard times after the war. He had a wife and family to support. He was unemployed. He tramped to and fro seeking work, week after week, returning at night, jaded and disappointed, to hear his children crying for bread.

That is the most terrible of human experiences. And it was his lot for nearly eighteen months. There is a point at which the wounded human spirit breaks. Poor Somerville temporarily lost command of himself and, in a condition of complete exhaustion and despair, took an overcoat belonging to somebody else.

He has never ceased to regret this slip, this flaw in conduct of a man tortured beyond endurance. And he paid the penalty. When he came out of prison his debt to his country had been discharged. He had recovered his balance and his courage, and he set to work to redeem the past and wipe out of his mind the awful nightmare of this dreadful business.

Through the influence of some friends, who knew of his long struggle, of his family circumstances, and his previously unblemished record, he obtained a position as a temporary Assistant Relieving Officer under the West Ham Board of Guardians.

The sad story of his lapse was known to his superior officers. Like good men, and decent Englishmen, they clapped him on the back and said "Go on, my lad, and win."

He went on—and won. He made good. He forgot the past and proceeded resolutely to build up the future. For nearly two years he carried out his duties honestly, honourably, and efficiently.

Then Fate, which had apparently marked him for a predestined victim, stepped in and struck him a double blow. He lost the wife, who had stood by him in the long agony of struggle and despair, and who had helped him to regain his self-respect when he came out of the gates of the prison to face the world again.

Then the second blow fell. He lost his position. He was thrown again into the street, back again into that terrible predicament in which once before he had broken under the strain.

Why was he dismissed?—or forced to resign, which is the same thing. Was it because he was a bad character? Certainly not. His employers knew of the slip that he had made and for which he had paid the penalty.

Was it because he was inefficient? Certainly not. He has a testimonial from Mr. Thomas Smith, Barrister-at-Law and Clerk to the West Ham Guardians, describing him as capable, painstaking and reliable, and as having carried out his duties to the entire satisfaction of his employers.

But some person, inspired by the busy-body spirit, delved into the musty files of the law, and found an obsolete and forgotten section of an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of William IV., which forbids the employment of any person in any parochial office who shall have been convicted of felony, fraud or perjury.

We tender him our sincere sympathy. We say that the way he has been treated is un-English.

Lord Carson once said that there are illegalities which are not crimes. If the West Ham Board of Guardians had turned a blind eye upon this Statute they would have acted like brave and generous spirits. Instead, they folded their hands, sheltered themselves behind this forgotten enactment, and broke a suffering man.

Somerville has only one consolation. His wife died before she knew that her poor husband was thus to be dragged from the path of honour and respect, and flung into the gutter.

Who got the £15,000?

THE Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops are once more appealing to the public for a sum of £100,000. Into the mails are being sent thousands of printed letters asking for donations.

For the aims and work of this institution we have nothing but admiration. To instruct disabled soldiers in useful manual labour and to secure a market for their work is an object well worthy of the Great Soldier in whose honour the workshops are named, and whose memory they are intended to perpetuate.

When money, however, is secured from the public for such charitable purposes, it behoves the organising and administrative committee to see that these funds are expended on the work for which they were subscribed. To juggle with this money is to break faith with the public.

The Lord Roberts' Workshops, therefore, owe an explanation to the public for an item of expenditure which appears in their annual report for the year 1921. In the financial statement is the vague and significant line: "Commutation of Pension . . . £15,548."

That anyone working in these workshops should have a pension commutable at £15,000 struck us as amazing. An exhaustive search of the report failed to produce any light on this mystery, and a reference to the statement of the preceding year disclosed the information that no pensions were then being granted.

Who then is the individual who received from the Workshops in 1921, this amazing sum of money, and for what purpose was it granted? The bold statement of this expenditure certainly called for supplementary and explanatory remarks in the body of the report. The failure of the committee to supply these is as mysterious as the transaction itself.

The worst feature of the whole business is that about the time this "pension" was commuted, Lord Roberts' Workshops in various parts of the country were being shut down for lack of support! The total income for the year from public subscriptions was about £20,000, and from this, apparently, the £15,000 was taken, leaving only a small working margin for the disabled Service men. True, the same year grants of £150,000 from other charities were given, but only on certain conditions, and were for specific employments.

The expenditure of money subscribed by the public demands the utmost care and discretion. The granting of £15,000 to a hidden individual—and for purposes unknown—calls for a public explanation. We await its publication with considerable interest.

We would also like to know the name of the person referred to and the nature of the work which warranted the granting of such a pension. We would be pleased to learn details of the moneys paid to him in salaries during his association with the Workshops.

Black Sheep In The Police

THE police are the backbone of our social system. We have been wont to regard them as beyond corruption and as real friends of the honest man. There are, however, black sheep in every fold, and it is in the hope that such black sheep may be dealt with to the betterment of the force that we print the following revelations.

IT is an elementary proposition that in any well-ordered community the police should be above suspicion. We are glad to say, at once and frankly, that, taken as a whole, the police in this country are trusted and respected.

But when this is said, it must be added that there is grave reason to fear that many police officers do not fully realise their responsibilities and their high duty to maintain unspotted the reputation of the force to which they belong.

When, from time to time, cases crop up which justify grave uneasiness in this respect, it is imperative that the voice of criticism should not be stifled, not only in the public interest, but in the interest of the best types amongst the police themselves.

In all police forces there is a tendency to stretch official authority, and to drift into the attitude that the public exists for the police, not the police for the public.

We do not want to see a development of this kind, a movement towards Prussianism, growing up in our police forces. Hence we think that cases like the following should be thoroughly investigated.

Evan Morris, a motor omnibus driver, was prosecuted by the police at North London Police Court for having been drunk while driving his 'bus. He was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. He appealed at the London Sessions against his conviction, won his appeal, and was awarded costs against the police.

Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., announcing the decision of the Court, said that the Bench felt strongly that the case against Morris ought never to have been brought.

Morris won his case, but he lost forty pounds in wages, having been suspended pending the decision of the Court, and he can get no compensation.

There is no other word for this treatment but Prussianism. The police will pay the costs out of the public funds, that is to say out of the pockets of the taxpayer. But Morris only has the cold comfort of knowing that he will have to pay his share. Nothing happens to the policemen who brought this unjustifiable accusation.

Take the experience, a few days ago, of Mr. Alfred Darrell Barton, of 33, Woodstock Avenue, Golders Green, who is in business as a motor dealer in Tottenham Court Road, W.C. This gentleman left his own house at Golders Green about half-past ten, after spending the evening listening to a wireless concert, to drive his brother to his home at Walham Green, where they arrived just before eleven.

He went into his brother's house for a few minutes. When he came out his car had disappeared. He immediately went straight to the local police station and reported the theft to the inspector in charge.

He was told that his car had not been stolen, but brought in by the police because it had been left, standing unattended, for over two hours!

Mr. Barton pointed out that this could not possibly be true, and asked upon what evidence this charge was made. Three policemen were brought in, and, one after another, declared that they had seen the car there since nine o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Barton told them they were not speaking the truth, and insisted that the inspector should ring up his (Mr. Barton's) house at Golders Green and ask what time he had left. The reply was that he had left about ten-thirty. Then his brother, who by this time had come upon the scene, was also asked at what time they had left Golders Green. He replied "at about ten-thirty."

Here was a clear issue. Either Mr. Barton and his brother and his family were not speaking the truth or the three policemen were not.

So much for the gravity of the issue. What happened? The policemen were asked to withdraw, and the inspector stated that no further steps would be taken, provided Mr. Barton paid the shilling fee required for the restoration of his car—which, by the way, is a *Mercedes*, and was described in the police receipt as a truck!

If this case had been brought before the Magistrate it would have received the publicity it merits, though sometimes that publicity is not welcome to the police, as in a case brought before Mr. Forbes Lankester at the South-Western Court a few months ago. He dismissed it with the observation that it was a charge trumped up by the police to protect one of their number, and expressed the hope that the Chief Commissioner would order a searching enquiry into the conduct of the officers concerned.

But bribery in the police force is even worse than Prussianism. There is no question that it exists, though there may be difference of opinion as to its extent. Since January of this year there have been convictions in respect of three policemen found guilty of taking bribes.

It is only fair to point out that this represents only a small minority in so large a force. But that such things should happen at all is gravely disquieting.

The matter was referred to by the Honourable Trevor Bingham, C.B., the Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, before the Parliamentary Committee on the Taxation of Betting.

He said that attempts are undoubtedly made from time to time to bribe the police, and that they sometimes succeed. He added that this bribery is always done very warily, and that in a proved case the policeman concerned would be dismissed from the force.

He maintained, from the cases that come to light, that very few instances were proved. That is the difficulty—so few cases come to light.

In the interest of decent and straight policemen the utmost vigilance should be maintained so that the reputation of the force shall not be soiled by the black sheep which it is so difficult to eliminate from any large organisation.

But where a specific allegation is made we certainly think that it ought to be investigated with the utmost vigour and thoroughness. Recently we told the story of the manager of a well-known club whose complaint is that he was repeatedly invited by a police officer to "drop"—or, in other words, to make a secret payment.

He refused to do so. He was threatened with trouble. He got it. Not only was his club raided, but he was actually arrested one evening in the West-End of London by a detective who charged him with the astonishing offence of having tried to pick a pocket—not the pocket of some innocent and unwary passer-by, but the pocket of the very detective who arrested him!

When he was taken to the police station he was told, after he had proved his identity, that some error had occurred, and he was free to go.

We offered publicly to place in the possession of the police authorities the information we held in this matter, which the gentleman concerned was willing to substantiate by sworn testimony.

We said that it was in nobody's interest that matters of this kind should go uninvestigated. So far as we know no step has been taken to investigate them.

An ostrich-like policy may have its advantages. But it is not exactly the kind of policy that will do credit to and shed lustre upon the Criminal Investigation Department of the Headquarters of this Country's police.

A Never-Pay Rascal

WHEN will the Authorities waken up and grab the scamp Northcote? Their tardiness certainly cannot be due to lack of evidence.

ON more than one occasion during the last few months, we have publicly demanded the arrest of Sidney Webber Northcote, a rascal who has been obtaining money right and left on the pretence that he is a reputable producer of British films.

In view of his latest exploits, we demand once again that he shall be immediately taken into custody, and charged with obtaining money by false pretences.

For years Northcote has lived on the amazing gullibility of a large number of men and women who have been unfortunate enough to fall into his clutches—many of them unemployed.

Northcote has taken money from ex-soldiers, promising them a salaried position with the alluring prospect of great wealth in the near future.

One man lost £4,000 through Mr. Northcote's plausibility and his alleged status in the film world. Other poor fellows have been induced to invest sums of £100 and £50 on the definite promise of work, with the usual prospect of a substantial return on their investments.

Why is this man not arrested? He has also played his games in the Isle of Man, and finished up in the bankruptcy court with a deficiency of over £2,400. Unsecured creditors were mulcted to the extent of over £2,100!

Sidney Webber Northcote is still an undischarged bankrupt. But this trifling disability does not worry, or even bother, such an enterprising fellow like him.

Quite recently he made Bournemouth the home of his enterprising talents, and, after enquiring through the advertisement columns of the local papers as to whether any of the local beauties were Mary Pickfords, stranded several people there, and showed his disdain for the Manchester Hotel by leaving without paying his bill.

Undaunted by his great success as a film producer, he next tripped across country to Swanage, Dorset, and, with a crowd of twenty people, put up at one of the best hotels. He is still there. His bill has not been paid. From what we know of Northcote, it never will be paid.

That is why we take this opportunity of warning the manager of the Swanage Hotel of the unscrupulous type of individual his famous guest is, and suggest to him that he should keep a very watchful eye upon his luggage, and whatever film accessories he may have.

In any case, he should not allow him to go without paying his bill—unless to go to the authorities at the local police station to make an explanation in view of his undischarged bankruptcy.

It is a scandal that a man of this calibre, who has left behind him a long trail of duped and broken people, should be permitted to remain at large exploiting these poor dupes who are unfortunate enough to fall into his clutches.

There seems no reason why this man's exploits should not be stopped.

Quilliam Found in Paradise

WE have found Mr. W. H. B. Quilliam, the Managing Director of Direct Fish Supplies, Limited, who disappeared after his shareholders had lost over £500,000. Here are the latest particulars about him.

HARD-WORKING people in this country, toiling from year's end to year's end, struggling with bad trade conditions, groaning under the burden of taxation, sometimes think with pardonable envy of the happier spirits who can live by the blue shores of the Mediterranean.

Yet it is quite possible for people, who are only moderately well to do, to enjoy this idyllic life. An advertisement is appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* inviting only five more ladies and gentlemen to invest £500 to £2,000 to complete an important English Syndicate to build ideal villa homes on the French Riviera.

It is stated that the demand is enormous, the profits big, the money under the control of the investors. The address of the noble philanthropist who is making this generous and considerate offer is the Villa Paradis, Antibes, Riviera, France.

Paradis! Or, as we spell it, in our plodding English way, Paradise!

A representative of JOHN BULL, acting on information received, as the police say, replied to this advertisement. He received in answer a typewritten document giving brief details of the ideal home scheme concerned. It painted a glorious picture of this project, where houses were being built at over one hundred per cent. profit above the cost of building, plus three hundred per cent. profit on the purchase price of the land.

Accompanying the typewritten document was a letter written in a scrawly hand from the Villa Paradis, pointing out that "land is cheap here, but very, very valuable, and I assure you that you have an opportunity now of securing a sound, safe and profitable investment, unequalled elsewhere, and thus you should invest all you conveniently can at the moment, as now is the time to buy."

Then you come to the thing that gives you the jolt. The letter is signed "W. Quilliam."

W. Quilliam!—a name familiar in the annals of finance, and sounding quite homely to the readers of JOHN BULL. Only a few weeks ago we asked why is not Mr. W. H. B. Quilliam brought back to this country to give an account of his stewardship in that notable ramp, Direct Fish Supplies, Limited. We reminded the public that there were six thousand shareholders in this concern who, between them, had lost over half a million pounds.

It was over twelve months ago since this disastrous loss was inflicted on the trusting shareholders of Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd. In the interval, Mr. Quilliam disappeared as completely as though the sea had swallowed him.

The clarion voice of the press demanded to know where he was. No answer came out of the void. His relatives were bombarded by anxious enquirers, tremulous to learn his whereabouts. They knew nothing.

The affairs of Direct Fish Supplies, Limited, were investigated. The Official Receiver stated that the loss of half a million pounds, which ruined so many people, and left behind it a trail of wreckage and suffering, was due to the fact that his fellow directors had left things so largely to Quilliam.

Quilliam, to whom things were so largely left, made a cynical gesture—and left the country.

Now, he is living in a real paradise, with its "beautiful trees, flowers and scenery." He runs a poultry farm, and a Ford car. And, in his spare time, he reads with interest articles in English newspapers on the "Missing Director."

There is the story of W. H. B. Quilliam, for whom the press of the world has been hunting. We present it, without any confidence that it will do them much good, to the shareholders of Direct Fish Supplies, Limited. The rest is a matter for them.

But we do take the liberty in view of Quilliam's disastrous record and contumacious refusal to come back of his own accord and face the music, to urge on all those who may be tempted to build their homes by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, to dwell among the palms and temples of the South, to have nothing whatever to do with this extraordinarily optimistic, extraordinarily unsuccessful and extraordinarily coy financier.

The Defenders of Chinatown

THERE are two sides to every question. We have had visits from people who appear to be sponsors of Limehouse. We answer them with the pathetic story of a young girl's downfall.

FROM time to time we have felt it our duty to turn the strong searchlight of publicity upon the dark places of Chinatown. Our exposures have had considerable effect. They have been followed by hundreds of arrests.

The danger has been scotched, not killed. There has been a lull in the dope traffic followed by a recrudescence of activity in gambling and "Pukka-poo," which we succeeded in checking. Now, apparently, the word has been passed round that Chinatown is to suspend its criminal activities for a while and try to get a reputation for peaceful and ordinary industry.

The Chinese have their defenders and advocates, apparently well-meaning people who have succumbed to the lure of Chinatown. These people are perhaps not very good judges of political economy or of character. And, in some strange way, they feel a burning sense of indignation at our exposures.

Such a person is Mrs. M. Ellis, of Maida Vale. This lady is an enthusiast for Chinatown, and has even optimistically urged us to alter our entire view upon this matter. She has paid many visits to Chinatown, she tells us, and has been agreeably surprised to find how good the Chinese are to their wives, and to many of our poor unfortunates who have been cast off by our own people. She adds that if Chinamen have wives in China they make no secret of it to the women they are living with, who are usually old enough to know right from wrong.

Let us look at the other side of the shield. A few days ago a young English boy wrote a pathetic letter to this office. Here is an extract from this letter, which is too long to print in full: "Two years ago my sister ran away from her home in Birmingham, where I have just come from, and she lived with a Chinaman. Three months ago she sent for me to help her, as she was in serious trouble. She wrote and told my mother that she had married this Chinaman and had a child which died. Since then she has had another.

"When I came to her she confessed to me that she was not married, and told me her supposed husband is going to sea next week. 'I know he'll never come back to me and the baby,' she said. He is going to China to marry a Chinese woman, I believe! She is greatly put out over this, and wants me to get the Chinaman to marry her and stop in London. It is a great task to me, a boy of eighteen years. But I mean to do all I can for her to put her mind at rest."

The betrayed English girl and her half-caste baby are to be left behind when the Chinese "husband" departs. Is this one of those cases that would agreeably surprise Mrs. Ellis, or would it shock her out of her comforting belief that Chinamen are "always good to their wives and to many of our poor unfortunates cast off by their own people"?

To these optimistic defenders of Chinatown there is one answer—the records of the Thames Police Court, studded with cases of dope traffic, gambling, opium-smoking, theft, assault and chicanery, practically all emanating from Chinatown. To these records there must be only one sequel—the cleaning up of Chinatown, and the banishing to their own country of the degenerates and undesirables and criminals who infest it, and who otherwise will spread their filthy and loathsome trail over an ever-growing area.

Fake Money Factories

THE facts regarding bank note forgeries which we gave a few weeks ago in JOHN BULL, have been brought home to the authorities in startling fashion. Forgeries of the type we described as being practised by expert gangs of crooks, have been perpetrated in Vienna and other Continental cities with the result that all British notes are in danger of being regarded with suspicion by foreigners. Following on our previous revelations, enquiries were instituted and it has now been established to the satisfaction of those making the enquiries on behalf of the British and French authorities, that the country of origin of these forgeries was Germany, and that there existed, until a few weeks ago at any rate, a powerful organisation interested in the production of these notes as part of a general plan for undermining the credit of the two principal allied nations.

Since the French occupied the Ruhr it has been necessary to deal with the note-printing presses established now in every great German town, and it has been found that in some of these there were stocks of the paper used in the manufacture of French notes and also a number of plates for printing these notes.

At the same time small stocks of paper of the peculiar kind used for English bank notes were also discovered, and though no plates came to light, there was other evidence that notes of the Bank of England had been turned out by these presses at some time or other.

The chief distributing centre for forged French and British notes has been Vienna, but Rome has also been used, and occasionally Brussels. The notes were taken out of Germany in considerable bulk by men and women belonging to the gangs producing them. A few of those connected with the forging may be ordinary criminals, but the majority are associated with one or other of the secret societies that have sprung up in Germany to further Monarchist aims, and that they have friends in high places who wink at their activities is clear, not only from the failure of the police in Germany to stamp out the forgery, but from the fact that though strict search is made at the frontier posts of all persons leaving the country in order to ensure that they are not taking money out of the country, there is not one single case of forged note smugglers being detected, though the most casual search must have resulted in their discovery. It is significant that German Monarchists openly advocate this means of injuring France and Britain in the interests of the Hohenzollerns. The worst feature of the affair is that Britons tendering genuine notes on the Continent are constantly being suspected of passing forged notes. For this reason alone the authorities must take drastic international action to root out the swindlers.

THE STAGE AND MORALS

Both Sides of the Wee Medal

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

ONE of these days we shall discover the whole truth about stage morals, not to mention the morals of theatrical managers. Is it a fact that "the immorality of the stage is appalling," and that it is "almost impossible for a girl to succeed in the theatrical profession unless she is in with the managers," and ceases to "remain as we would like our women folk to be"?

In one wild breath at a club, a comedian, known to fame as Wee Georgie Wood, says, "Yea, verily it is even so," and in the next wild breath at a telegraph office (having meanwhile tasted of the indignant reproof of outraged stagedom) he says, "My talk was directed against bogus revue chorus and was not a wholesale condemnation of stage morals. Admit I was wrong to tackle a subject of which I have no first-hand knowledge. Apologise to profession and unreservedly withdraw statement."

WELL, second thoughts are frequently as good as any other kind, and when everybody tells a Wee gentleman that he has made a "libellous" bloomer, the least he can do is to put himself right with the hand-maidens of the front row, by apologising per wire and without reserve.

On the other hand, I, for one, am a little bit sorry that Mr. Wood's Wee hare has gone so rapidly and crestfallenly back into the sack, as it were. When I think of stage morals or the lack of them, I can't help asking myself various questions.

For example, what precisely do we mean by "the stage," and do we exclude from it such places as Hollywood, Los Angeles?

I am not suggesting, mind you, that we have any actors of the Arbuckle habit in this decent old England of ours, though every now and again—once in a thousand years perhaps—you do find a British actor of prominence having his name mentioned in the Divorce Court—just to prove that the male contingent of the profession doesn't consist entirely of Baptist Ministers.

As for the theatrical ladies, bless their dear hearts, it would be possible to mention at least half a dozen quite young ones whose matrimonial experiences have been anything but fortunate, and who have had to dip into the lucky bag twice or even thrice before emerging with their present affinities.

Yet who of us will assert that they are not usually more sinned against than sinning, and what good would it be if we did?

MANAGERS, of course, are a different pair of horses, and you hear tales about some of them which do not greatly redound to their credit. All the same isn't it easy to hear similar tales about sundry other sorts of persons if you keep your aural bandages open?

And should the bare fact that they appear to call the whole of their female employees "my dear," and have even been known to take their leading ladies up the river of a Sunday, like the showman took the hippopotamus, be allowed to prejudice us in our estimate of anybody's moral character?

For myself, I venture to trow not.

Having thus frankly and fearlessly exposed the dubious side of the Wee medal, let us interrogate ourselves further:—

(*a*) Whence come some of the fairest, highest-stepping, most charming and most womanly peeresses (or peeresses to be) in these realms? Off the stage!

(*b*) How many women of the theatre are the happy wives of happy husbands, and mothers of still happier children! Thousands!

(*c*) How many successful artistes, whether in the "legitimate," "vaudeville," or "movie" branches of the profession owe themselves to their managers rather than to their own genius and hard work? Nary one!

These are solemn facts, and here is another solemn fact. There is no earthly reason why any woman worth her salt shouldn't be just as moral on the stage as in a draper's shop, or at a district nursery.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

NOTHING could more completely vindicate my firm opinion that the Honours Commission is a farce than the knighthood bestowed on George Dance. Think of it for a minute! Here is a gentleman who, but for his recent donation to the Old Vic, was really little known to London theatregoers. Yet such honoured names in the theatrical profession as Fred Terry and Cyril Maude are calmly passed over. Why? On behalf of every actor and actress on the British stage, I ask: Why?

Surely because of that ten thousand pounds' donation—or was it twenty? Does it mean that if Mr. Fred Terry or Mr. Cyril Maude had given the same amount they would have been honoured in a similar fashion? Not, mark you, because they had done good work for the stage, nor because they had kept companies of the British actors and actresses in regular employment at good salaries for over twenty years—but simply because they had made enough money out of their enterprises to become philanthropic celebrities.

SIR GEORGE DANCE.

THEREFORE advise other Actor-Managers to dive into their pockets and fork out £30,000 each. This might get them peerages (I am not up in the current prices for such commodities) and it would help the stage to recover from the shocks it has recently sustained in the Honours Lists.

Having said which, let me hasten to add that Mr. Dance probably deserves his knighthood quite as much as anyone else on the recent list. Personally, he is a very pleasant, unassuming little fellow, populer among his associates, very energetic, and crammed full of business acumen. No one has ever exploited the financial side of the theatre with half his push and go and daring. For years his touring companies were the best in the provinces. In musical comedy he was a sort of provincial George Edwardes, and in drama another Arthur Collins.

QUICK to seize every opportunity to do things better than they were done before, he was the first to organise on a large scale the business of refreshment at West End theatres. The bars at about a dozen theatres are already controlled by him. No breath of scandal has ever touched him, which speaks volumes for a man in his position; and many of our best-known "stars" have graduated, so to speak, under his management.

Yet he has had his reward, and there is nothing in this schedule of virtues to merit kingly recognition. It gives point, however, to something Sir George Alexander once told me. The latter had suggested Sir (then Mr.) Frank Benson as a man more worthy of knighthood than anyone else in the profession. Whereupon he was asked by the authorities: (1) Whether Mr. Benson was a good actor; (2) whether Mr. Benson acted in good plays; (3) whether it was likely that Mr. Benson would subscribe to some deserving object—the Liberal Party, for instance; and (4) whether Mr. Benson was presentable and respectable!

WITH a twinkle in his eye, Sir George added: "If only I could have answered question 3 in the affirmative, the rest wouldn't have mattered."

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

It's strange our recent Notes to France
Are rather harsh than gentle,
While those sweet chits we send to Fritz
Are almost sentimental!

Altho' the "Drys" may seize supplies
The "Demon Drink" to throttle,
Each traveller gay who sails away
Still gets his little bottle.

This slimy snake, to John's alarm,
Still follows in his train;
He tries all sorts of tunes to charm
The serpent—but in vain.

Just when we think they're going to end
This long game at Lausanne,
They've got a knack of going back
To where they first began.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—Do you still believe that the increase in the cost of building material has only negligibly reduced the value of the subsidy of £6 per house given to encourage building? If this is what your advisers report to you, put their reports in the waste-paper basket and read the announcement that the National Light Castings Association, which controls the price of the bulk of the light castings produced in this country, has just increased by 10 per cent. the cost of the goods it supplies for house building. White-washing committees, and white-washing officials, will not give the country what it so imperatively needs—homes for its workers. It is your duty, your responsibility, your privilege, to meet this want. Do it now. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. SIR EDGAR WALTON, K.C.M.G., High Commissioner of South Africa.

SIR,—Isn't it about time that something was done by way of propaganda to show English girls the danger of marrying black men? Elsie Payne, aged 22, of Leicester, is the latest example of these insane infatuations. She has gone out to Cape Town and has married a nigger named Johnston whom she met in England during the war. If the Government can't make such marriages illegal, it is surely possible to adopt some other means of preventing them. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. JAMES BECK, Formerly Solicitor-General, U.S.A.

SIR,—Congratulations to you on your call to the English Bar. Here is a little legal problem for you. If the American authorities have the right to seize British bonded stores under seal in U.S.A. waters they must also have an equal right to tax them. If this is the case could they also tax the part-cargo, destined for another country, of a ship passing through American waters, if that part-cargo was dutiable in, though not intended for, the United States? Of course I know that you will say they could not, but just take the little problem home with you to Uncle Sam—with the compliments of JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. MR. JUSTICE DARLING, High Court of Justice.

MY LORD,—There are always people who will hound a woman to death if she has failed to follow the beaten path of respectable convention, but I am glad to see that they get no help from you. When Mabel Clasar was brought before you at Winchester Assizes, charged with falsely swearing before a coroner's jury that a certain man was her husband, you stopped the case on the ground that she had done no harm and directed her acquittal. A wise and humane decision which shows that, in addition to a sense of humour, you have a proper sense of proportion and an apt appreciation of the quality of mercy.

JOHN BULL.

To SIR ERNEST WILD, K.C., Recorder of London.

SIR,—After solemnly instructing the Old Bailey jury to give the Duke of Leinster the same measure of justice as they would give to a dustman, and after hearing their verdict, you proceeded to postpone sentence till next sessions which, as you kindly explained, meant that his Grace would be kept in custody till July 16; and then released. To this you added the comforting assurance that he would suffer no indignity. What on earth does it all mean? Either this ducal waster was innocent, in which case he should have been discharged, or he was guilty, in which case he should have been sentenced without regard either to his feelings or his dignity. Would you have considered the dignity of that dustman you spoke about? JOHN BULL.

To BROTHER DAVID CATT, Deputy Grand Master, London Orange Council.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL KILLJOY,—First of all you and the other apostles of glorified gloom announced that to secure the banning of Sunday games in the parks you relied upon the strength of public petitions. But now that you see the petitions are all the other way, you profess to scorn them, and have started instead to write threatening letters to those members of the L.C.C. who have the audacity to oppose your views in this matter. These underhand manœuvres are being treated with the contempt they deserve. The country is out for freedom, and the reign of cranks and faddists is nearly over. Put that in your right worshipful pipe and smoke it! JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN of the Hampstead Bench.

SIR,—Some of your colleagues are obviously suffering from importance. They are calling at public-houses, which they are entitled to do, to inspect the sanitary arrangements and proper conduct of licensed premises. They are going much further, asking to see the books, the amount of profit, if the gardens are properly kept; in one case if the baby was properly washed. This would be Prussianism if it were not quite so grandmotherly. But it is at least impertinence. Put a stop to it. Put these busybodies in their place. An Englishman's home is still his castle, and Hampstead is in England, not in Germany.

JOHN BULL.

To "Emperor" WILLIAM JOSEPH SIMMONS, Ku Klux Klan, San Antonio, Texas.

SIR, or SIRE, or SIRREE!—An unmoved world has listened, with a yawn, to your great scheme for establishing an invisible Empire over all English-speaking peoples, beginning with the United Kingdom, which is to be infiltrated with your preposterous Ku Klux Klan. "Emperor" Lebaudy went mad. Another Emperor—one Napoleon—dreamed of annexing the world and making the United Kingdom a kitchen-garden. He came to an inglorious end. Start your little hour upon the stage, the pantomime stage, Majesty, and, while we are still un-infiltrated, allow us the comforting privilege of contemptuous laughter. JOHN BULL.

To MR. LIVINGSTONE, Missioner, Winchelsea.

SIR,—It is a strange thing that the most contemptible scoundrels nearly always wrap up their infamy in a cloak of religion. You, for instance, while posing as a teacher of the gospel, lived on your followers for nothing, seduced one of them, and then when the child died, wrote to the wretched girl addressing her as "Dearly beloved in the Lord," and advising her to get rid of the baby as cheaply as possible. A more loathsome mixture of blasphemy and meanness I have never come across, and it is a deplorable thing for society that you are still allowed to be at large.

JOHN BULL.

HOLIDAY PESTS!

JOHN TAX-PAYER (whose troubles have followed him to the seaside), sarcastically: "All right—I suppose you've called for the Entertainment Tax."

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

IT is to be hoped we shall have no recurrence of the strike mania. Two years ago this spirit of revolt in industry descended upon us like an evil blight, paralysing trade, freezing commercial enterprise as by some evil charm. Since then we have had comparative peace, and it is only fair to say that if responsible Trade Union leadership had been followed, last week's dockers' strike would never have broken out.

The Dockers' Strike

It was what for want of a better term we must call a spirit of devilment among the rank and file that led them to overthrow their leaders and declare a strike. The results were serious. In the course of a few hours miles of dock space lay idle, hundreds of tons of foodstuffs were held up, and in the leading ports of the country chaos reigned.

But where did the working man benefit through this wretched misunderstanding? The blunt truth is that he benefited not at all; his were the hours of labour lost, the wages sacrificed, the money thrown away. If the Capitalist suffered, the workman suffered still more.

In truth, the strike is a boomerang weapon, recoiling nearly always upon the head of the striker. Not for a moment would we deny to the organised worker the right to strike. But this right must be used sparingly, temperately, wisely. It must be used not for the gratification of whims, but for the assertion of principles. In no Court of Law in the land could the revolting dockers have upheld their resistance to the wages reduction which was the ostensible cause of their quarrel with the employers. To attempt to win by violence what cannot be gained by reason is one with which the British people at large have no vestige of sympathy.

Moreover the Dockers' blow has already recoiled on their own heads as well as on the heads of the rest of the community. By striking they have already sent the cost of living still higher—so that actually they are in a worse position than ever, even if the strike were successful.

FOR many months, in the columns of this journal, we waged a campaign against the management of the British Empire Exhibition. We did this because, in the first place, this Exhibition is a great Imperial project, and it was our desire to save it, if possible, from disaster; and because, in the second place, many patriotic citizens and public-spirited bodies had subscribed large sums of money, as guarantors, on the appeal of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; and because, in the third place, we did not believe that Mr. U. F. Wintour, the General Manager, was qualified, either by ability or experience, to bring this great undertaking to a successful issue.

An Amazing Agreement

As the direct consequence of our criticisms, the Government appointed a Committee of Inquiry, presided over by Sir William Joynson-Hicks, which ultimately resulted in a new scheme of organization, ostensibly superseding Mr. Wintour.

This gentleman was not so easily superseded, and it has since been announced that his interests, under his agreement of appointment, have had to be bought out. It has cost the exhibition, that is to say the guarantors, no less than fourteen thousand pounds, to buy him out. His agreement entitled him to two thousand pounds for a motor-car, three thousand pounds a year salary, two thousand pounds a year for entertainment, the payment of his Income Tax, and of all his travelling expenses.

This contract could only be broken by the consent of Mr. Wintour, or by his protracted illness, or death. It is an astonishing thing that such an arrangement could have been made by a Committee who are trustees for the money of other people.

We are glad that, as the result of our protest, it has now been definitely and finally broken, and we certainly think that the Duke of Devonshire, who is now responsible for the new organization, should investigate, or cause to be investigated, all the circumstances that led to this preposterous arrangement.

There may be others. The guarantors are entitled to know whether there are, or not, and, if so, what is going to be done about the matter.

IT must be a horrible thing to be buried alive. We may hope that this indescribable fate seldom, if ever, occurs in reality, although the possibility has furnished a theme for more than one of our leading novelists. The question has been given a practical turn by the discussion lately arising in respect of a doctor's duties in the case of death.

Premature Burial.

All that is necessary as the law now stands is for someone to tell the medical man that his patient has died and for him to sign a certificate stating the probable cause of death. In our view this is an intolerable position. No doctor should be allowed to sign a death certificate without inspecting the body of the deceased; at the very least the medical man should satisfy himself that death has actually taken place, and not simply that the friends or relatives of the unfortunate victim believe that it has.

The mere layman is aware of such conditions as those of cataleptic trance, which simulate every appearance of real death. The very thought that a human being may be buried, although not actually dead, is too terrible for words. The doctor's duty is not ended when he has paid his last visit to a living patient.

As the law now stands the average doctor's death certificate as a testimony of fact is worth less than the paper it is written upon. There must be change in the law.

The subject is not altogether a cheerful one, and we should not call attention to it were we not convinced of its very real importance. It is quite literally a matter of life and death, and it is amazing that the present slovenly methods of death certification should have been tolerated for so long.

SOMEHOW or other the British Government cannot escape the trail of oil. As we all know, there is oil in Mesopotamia. How many millions of the taxpayers' money have been spent in tracking it down we shall perhaps never accurately learn. But there is also oil in England, in the opinion of Lord Cowdray and other eminent financiers, and as a result the Government were not long ago persuaded to sink a million of money in British oil enterprises.

An Oily Business

The miserable sequel was revealed in the House of Commons a week or more ago, when the Secretary for Mines, Lieut.-Col. Lane-Fox, was fain to confess that the whole of this money had been wasted. Where the experts looked for it at the cost of the taxpayer it seems there was no oil to be found; So futile was the venture that his Majesty's Ministers had finally been constrained to dispose of the "holes" bored for about half what they gave for them to a Scottish syndicate in one case and in another to the Duke of Devonshire.

Frankly, this sort of thing strikes us as rank imbecility. The taxpayer is poor enough in all conscience without being called upon to provide funds for speculative enterprises on behalf of venturesome capitalists. If these gentlemen wish to go looking round for oil then in heaven's name let them do so at their own cost. The profit, if any, will be theirs, so it is only fair that the risk also should belong to them.

Where is this sort of thing to end? One of these days we shall have the Government providing capital for a gold hunt in Yorkshire or a platinum search in the Home Counties. The whole business calls for searching investigation in the interests of those who will undoubtedly have to pay the piper, although they have no share in calling the tune.

Those Members of Parliament who unearthed this sinister escapade have discharged an important public duty and it is to be hoped the present Government will tolerate no repetition of an episode which, to say the least, reflects no credit upon their predecessors.

THE case at Durham in which a man accused of the murder of a four-year-old child was found guilty but insane by the jury is a deplorable example of the folly of ignoring the summing up of a judge. There was no evidence of insanity. Not only is this man to escape the full penalty of his crime, but he may after a short time be released, for if he is not insane it is certainly ridiculous that he should be detained in an asylum in which criminal lunatics with murderous tendencies are incarcerated. This sad predicament should prove a lesson to other juries who, carried away by feelings of leniency towards a guilty person, are inclined to return a merciful but unjust verdict. They should consider that not only does justice remain undone but also a serious state of affairs is created.

Folly of a Jury

Winston and the Women

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

HERE is a dramatic, intensely powerful analysis of the effects which drink has upon the lower classes. It is not an advocacy of prohibition, but it explains the defeat of Dundee's late M.P., and points the way to happiness amidst poverty.

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill

WHATEVER his enemies may choose to say of him, Mr. Winston Churchill is a man of eminent genius. There is certainly no one in the present House of Commons who can hold a candle to him in force of personality and in brain power.

Yet this famous and brilliant person, who speaks so effectually and writes so admirably, who has a record behind him of distinguished service to the State, and carries about with him the glamour of a great name and the picturesqueness of a romantic career, was rejected last year by the electors of a prosperous commercial town in favour of a crank.

But are we quite sure that Mr. Scrymgeour is a crank in the eyes of those who elected him to Parliament? We may regard Prohibition as the disagreeable enthusiasm of a fanatic; we may hold that Prohibition is only one aspect of that socialistic madness which would put the chains of slavery on a nation of freemen; but, quite evidently, there are many thousands of people in Dundee who do not share this opinion, and who choose, gladly and gratefully, to be represented at Westminster, not by the brilliant Mr. Churchill, but by the simple homespun Mr. Scrymgeour.

I GATHER that the majority of those who voted for Mr. Scrymgeour are women, and humble women, women of the working-class, mothers of families toiling from early morn till late at night to keep their homes decent and their children both good and healthy. If you were to cross-examine one of these women about Prohibition you would learn that she really knew nothing about the subject, had read no arguments on the matter, had certainly never thought of it as an effort to bind upon the good-natured and easy-going majority the tyrannous will of a feverish minority.

But if you were to ask one of these women to tell you why she had cast her vote for Mr. Scrymgeour she would find no difficulty in giving you her reason. She would tell you that Prohibition means to her more food for the bairns of Dundee, better clothes for their backs, better shoes for their feet, better homes in which to live. She would tell you that it is a black and devilish shame that men and women should stand in a great swarm night after night pouring spirit down their throats while, in homes not fit for a pig to lie down in, their own children are ragged, and cold, and famished, aye, and terrified of their parents.

YOU would find yourself talking to no fine lady who thinks of life as an amusing comedy, but to a ruthless and terribly earnest realist whose heart is torn by the sight of suffering children, and whose whole nature is in fiery revolt against conditions which permit defenceless childhood to be the victim of adult self-indulgence. In drawing-rooms where Mr. Winston Churchill's entrance would create a certain thrill of interest or even of sensation, the entrance of Mr. Scrymgeour would be felt either as an affront or as a joke; but these women of our squalid and suffering cities would only open their doors to Mr. Churchill; to Mr. Scrymgeour they would open their hearts.

It is because there are electors of this realistic character on the new register that the present Parliament is felt to be more genuine and promising than the last. No statesman can any longer count on the prestige of his name or his services, except in those southern constituencies where the retired colonel is of one mind with his grocer on politics, and the golf-club or the pump-room is the centre of social and intellectual life. Elsewhere a new spirit is stirring, a new leaven is fermenting, and the women of the country, the great multitude of working-class mothers, will now give their votes to no one who is not, in dead earnest, a worker for a better state of things.

THESE women have none of the amusements of the rich, and none of the comforts of the moderately well-off, to distract their minds from the ugly and heart-breaking realities of modern life. Those realities indeed are all they see of life. They know, not as the medical statistician knows it, but visibly, in human figures, in the figures of men, women and children, that drink means crime and disease, poverty and wretchedness, hunger and cold, quarrelling and fighting, vice and death. They acknowledge that their lives must be hard, but they are determined that they shall not be hopeless. More than anything else, they are determined that the lives of their children shall be better than their own.

Mr. Churchill's loss to Parliament is great, I think it is very great indeed; but, although I regard Prohibition with the strongest disfavour, I am inclined to think that Mr. Scrymgeour's presence at Westminster may atone even for the considerable loss of Mr. Churchill. The very fact that a Prohibitionist sits on the green benches of the House of Commons should be enough to set our statesmen thinking on the destructive part played by alcohol in our national life. Let them look on Mr. Scrymgeour, not as a crank, but as a portent.

WE are not so drunken as our fathers; the improvement in sobriety during the last few years is enormous; but, nevertheless, the chief cause of disease and crime, of shameful poverty and scandalous suffering, is still drink; and we are doing nothing at all to stop its ravages. Surely we ought at least to do something. But what can we do?

The Minister of Health could set in motion a steady and unceasing temperance propaganda until a knowledge of the physiological effects of intemperance was common knowledge; and Parliament could take seriously in hand the reform of the public-house, until there was not left in any part of the Kingdom one of those wretched drink shops which shame us and keep us poor. There is no reason under heaven why the tavern of the working-man should not be a place to which he could take his wife and children without shame, and sitting there in comfort listen to music and even enjoy a kinematograph entertainment. If the teashop of the middle classes can be improved, as it has been in recent years, so can the public-house of the workman.

Our brewers and distillers would be well advised to consider whether the truest security for their huge investments does not lie in this direction. In this direction, at any rate, lies their self-respect.

"I have belief that the House of Lords will see that justice is done."

The Dr

LEGISLATION should never be in advance of public opinion. But when the Legislature lags behind the obvious sentiments of the people the Legislature becomes the target for contemptuous remark.

There is not one person in a thousand who has not a tender sympathy for the child that is born out of wedlock. But the stigma of bastardy is upon it, and many a man and woman have their lives darkened by this bar sinister which legally marks them as outcasts.

Now Parliament has at long last seen the light, and an endeavour is being made so that no longer the innocent shall walk through life conscious that a scarlet letter has been branded upon their brows.

It is a well-founded belief that Scottish law is more humane and right-dealing than that of England. The Legitimacy Bill which is before Parliament proposes to introduce into the law of England the long-established principle of Scottish law that a child illegitimately born should be legitimatised by the subsequent marriage of the parents. But in the Bill as originally presented this legitimatising was limited to the child who was born at a time when the father and mother might have married but marked as a bastard a child born irregularly because one or other of the parents was already married.

When we have exhausted our moral indignation against the married man or woman who forsakes their wedded partner—but subsequently, either following death or divorce, show their regard for each other by marriage the question arises: Why should the child begotten before they were in a position to marry be condemned, whilst the child of the unmarried pair be legitimatised by a subsequent marriage?

The point is not what may be called the adulterous conduct of the parents but should we not do right by a child who has done no wrong?

It is commendable to the members of the Parliamentary Committee, which discussed the Legitimacy Bill, that the objectionable differentiation was removed and the measure was amended so that every child born out of wedlock

Put Out the Volcano!

by A. G. GARDINER

THE basis of prosperity is trade. The basis of trade is peace. Because there is no real peace in the world to-day every man and woman in it is suffering. Is it too late to set right the blunders of the past?

A CORRESPONDENT invites me to write "on the existing world situation and give us a definite lead towards a stable and lasting peace." It is a large order, and if I attempt to respond to it it will be without any other claim to attention than that of an ordinary student of this incomprehensible world. I shall not try to be erudite. I shall only try to state certain simple considerations which seem to me the elementary conditions of a world settlement.

And the first consideration is that the modern world is a unit. It cannot, like the curate's egg, be good in parts. The ancient and the mediæval worlds were different. The individual life was then self-contained. The local or the national community provided its own means of existence. I can imagine that when the wars of the Roses or the Civil War raged in England, the yeoman in Devon and the peasant in Yorkshire lived their lives undisturbed by it, heard of it only as a vague rumour from some remote world, and sowed and reaped their harvests without loss or hindrance.

BUT the modern world is a seamless garment. It is a single organism. If it is mutilated in one extremity it bleeds as a whole. Steam and the thousand victories of science have made us all parts of one industrial civilisation. The negro in the fields of Texas is gathering the cotton that makes the wealth of Lancashire, and in India the native is clothed in garments woven from that cotton in the weaving sheds of Blackburn. That is a simple illustration of the mutual co-operation and interdependence of modern life which you can multiply a thousand times. The fact lies at the root of our problem.

In a word, commerce and industry have made the nation one for good or ill. If they don't hang together they hang separately. No nation can make itself rich by making another poor, for the only source of riches is trade and the most unprofitable way of trading is to kill your customer. War, therefore, is the enemy of the modern world. Why does it exist? It exists because, although the world has become an economic unit, it remains a political mosaic. For the purposes of trade we want peace, security and the reign of law. On no other basis can the artificial civilisation which enables forty-five million people to live in comfort in these islands exist. But the political motive cuts right across this sane economic motive. Its weapon is force, its aim conquest, its philosophy that you can enrich yourself by impoverishing your neighbours.

The two ideas came into collision in 1914 and the economic unity of the world was blown to fragments. The question after the war was not whether we could get back to the pre-war condition. That was impossible. We had tried living as a world society engaged in mutual service on the top of a volcano and we had found that it could not be done. We had found that a stray bullet fired in a Serbian town had shattered the whole world structure to bits, left ten million dead on the fields and reduced the nations to bankruptcy. We cannot restore a system that lived on such a frail tenure. We can never again have peace in a world organised for war.

THERE is only one possible way of rebuilding the world on a secure foundation. *It is to put out the volcano.* That was the one task to which the Peace Conference should have addressed itself. Nothing else mattered, for if that was done all the rest followed: if it was not done all the talk was mere wind. It was not done.

President Harding

It was not done because England and America threw away the most splendid opportunity of regenerating the world that was ever offered to statesmanship.

HAD they co-operated honestly they could four years ago have imposed on the Continent a just peace, and they could have put out the volcano. They had this power then because they were the masters of the situation. They had the force, the wealth, the disinterestedness, the prestige. They sacrificed that grand chance of redeeming the world. Why they failed and who was mainly responsible for the failure need not detain us here. They left France, smarting with the agony of her wounds and passionate with ideas of revenge, to dictate the "peace."

With what result? There is no peace. We are farther off from peace than ever, and the hot breath of the volcano is scorching all the nations. The Continent is a ruin, trade is at a standstill without hope of recovery, and France towers over the doomed world with a drawn sword. At this moment we are engaged in a last desperate attempt to avoid a final rupture.

What is to be done? How can we wipe out the tragedy of the past four and a half years? How can we get back to that golden moment that came with the end of the war? How can we save the civilisation that is visibly rattling back into barbarism?

I THINK it can be done even yet if the two great English-speaking nations will co-operate to do it. America has washed her hands of Europe? Why, she asks, should we be mixed up with that hell across the Atlantic? Let us cultivate our garden and leave that quarrelsome world to stew in its own juice. But she is disquieted and uneasy. She knows she has played civilisation false. She knows that having came into the war she ought to have seen the peace through.

I believe she feels this so acutely that with a clear lead from this country she could not refuse her help. Let Mr. Baldwin declare plainly that the question of reparations shall be submitted to an impartial tribunal of experts. Let him appeal to America to summon a real Peace Conference, not of one side only, but of all sides, to revise the monstrous Treaty of Versailles.

IF America took that step the public opinion of the world would welcome it as the first gleam of light in the great darkness that overshadows us. It would restore the moral leadership of the world to the English-speaking nations, and start the organisation of society on that basis of peace which President Wilson dreamed of, but did not achieve. We must put out the volcano or perish.

gs of Love

by Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER

legitimatised if the father and mother afterwards married. That was honest, just and straightforward.

But mysterious agencies frequently operate when the House of Commons is called upon to express its opinion. I doubt not M.P.s were blackmailed by what is described as local pressure by sections of their constituents—people possibly without sin and therefore unctuously justified in stoning the child to show disapproval of its mother—and the other day, when the Bill came before the House for final approval by a third reading, threats were made that the measure would be wrecked unless the shaft of ignomy could still be directed against the child born when its parents were not able to marry even if they had wanted to do so. The result was that the authors of the Bill weakened and, to the discredit of the House of Commons as a whole, the branding, pharisaical clause was reinserted.

The Bill has now to come before the House of Lords. Possibly there will be some peers, of the small fungus tribe, who will bleat that if the cruel clause is again deleted it will be equivalent to parliamentary approval of infidelity, that it will be an encouragement to illicit relationship between married people, that it will open the door to evil women foisting children on men who are not the fathers, and the usual flesh-creeping diatribes that the nation will be taking another leaf toward the devil. All that is nonsense. If a man and woman fall into sin, or conditions of life are such that living with their legal partner is intolerable, but on the earliest opportunity they marry, the desire to legitimatise their child is one that should be approved and not refused.

I have belief that the House of Lords will see that justice is done. The peers are not hampered in their actions by warnings of the unco guid in any constituencies that unless they yield to the narrow-minded there will be a loss of votes at the next election. They therefore should see to it that equality is given to all children and send the Bill back to the Commons, breathing a nobler, more generous and humane spirit than the Commons sent the Bill to them.

Great Holiday Swindling Gang

WHERE there is wealth, there are fools, and where there are fools there are crooks. Everyone who is swindled is not a fool, as this article shows. On the Thames, gay with light-hearted holiday makers, Society swindlers are to-day reaping a rich harvest—and even shrewd City financiers are not immune.

THERE could scarcely be any place more suggestive of Eden than the sunlit upper reaches of the Thames. During this month the river is at its very best—a moving pageant of life and colour by day, and at night a fairyland of twinkling lights and soft music.

The serpent has got into the garden of Eden: the crook works his sinuous and slimy way into this paradise of the upper river.

The houseboat and the bungalow are used by the professional crook and are an excellent medium for getting into his clutches people who are cute enough to be suspicious in the atmosphere of Mayfair's fast set, but quite off their guard in the pastoral simplicity of Teddington and Hampton Court.

ONE of the gangs of sharpers and blackmailers, which has been operating in this way for years, has a choice bungalow on an island within convenient reach of Kingston and Hampton Wick. At this bungalow a series of week-end parties is given, designed to lure into the net several quite different classes of victims.

Only a month ago two young girls, one of whom is beginning to make a name for herself as an artist, had a narrow escape. Listening to a discussion in an artist's club regarding the best place to go for a week-end, they enquired the name of a good riverside hotel. A member who was slightly acquainted with them, and who they understood to be a young business man with theatrical connections, explained that his wife and he had a bungalow, and would be charmed if the young artist and her friend would stay with them.

WHEN they arrived there they were invited to dine out on the following night by some river acquaintances of their hosts. At this dinner-party they met two rich young Americans. After the meal, at which drink flowed pretty freely, the girls were persuaded to make the journey home by punt, in charge of the two young Americans, who took them to another bungalow on Throwlock Island, and then point blank refused to take them further.

The girls, thoroughly alarmed by this sudden change of demeanour on the part of their hitherto courteous hosts, insisted on being taken back to their friends, under threats of informing the police. These threats were immediately effective. The young Americans apologised, and explained rather shamefacedly that they had been assured by the people who had given the dinner-party, and to whom they had paid a very big figure indeed for the privilege of a Bohemian week-end, that the girls had previously agreed to this highly irregular arrangement.

The young men went back to the gang, packed their bags, and left immediately for town. The uncle of the girl artist went down the next day and interviewed one of the gang. He was met with profuse apologies and the explanation that these young Americans, were doubtful characters who had insinuated their way into a respectable party by means of false references.

* * *

The ordinary expenses of these crook house-boats and bungalows are met by card-playing and other games of chance, for which it is easy to find victims on the river. Apart from the rich Americans and other foreigners who are brought down from London, local victims are easily found. There is no trouble about scraping acquaintance with people in the crowded waits at the locks.

* * *

ONE rich manufacturer's young son, who in this way got into the toils of the gang, lost a Rolls-Royce car and an electric launch over a game of poker, and would have lost a great deal more if his father had not refused to allow him to honour his I.O.U.s.

He did not know that the charming girl whose acquaintance he had made in Molesey Lock, and who was the wife of an important official abroad who was at the moment supposed to be staying at a distinguished house-party in the West of England, was also a leading member of the predatory gang.

* * *

THE same woman was the instrument of a highly successful coup, when a rich young M.P. was relieved of a thousand pounds. He had been invited to dine, and then to play cards, but refused, after watching a few games, and the siren took him for a row on the river instead. When they returned, the bungalow was empty, and she entertained him with generous liquid refreshments. Suddenly a man appeared, claiming to be her husband, making allegations against the M.P., and threatening him with exposure. The M.P. contemptuously threw him a cheque for £1,000, intending to stop it at his bank, but on second thoughts, decided not to do so for fear of the effect of publicity and suspicion on his political career.

* * *

THE biggest coup this gang has brought off was made from one of the best known financiers in the City and from a friend of his who was with him, and could not nearly so well afford to be victimised.

The financier was approached at his City offices about a big patent. Discussions were carried on for some weeks, and finally the financier made an offer of about half what he had been asked for the whole of the rights.

It was refused, and there, apparently, the matter dropped. Some weeks later he was again approached with an offer to sell the Spanish rights and float a company for that purpose in conjunction with a Spanish nobleman.

Again the financier's offer was refused, and as an afterthought a week-end party up the river was arranged to settle the matter.

The financier brought a friend of his with him, and two sirens were specially detailed to compromise both the visitors effectively.

On this occasion there were no complaints from indignant husbands, and no unpleasantness. Next morning the business was again discussed, and after some haggling the financier's offer was accepted, on condition that he and his friend made a deposit for an option which was drawn up by a solicitor in the party.

It was discovered afterwards that there was a flaw in the rights proposed to be sold, and in the subsequent dispute the financier and his friend were threatened with exposure of the conduct the night before. The financier, who is the last person in the world to be intimidated, proposed to fight, but finally gave way at the urgent entreaty of his friend, who is a well-konwn West-end doctor. The financier paid the bill for both, and his week-end on the river cost him between eleven and twelve thousand pounds.

* * *

ANOTHER victim was a Highland Scottish laird who had been brought up the river by two friends of his who were fellow members of his club in the West-end. He played cards and was allowed to win over £200. When he came down for his next week-end he found himself among a party of financiers who were discussing the allocation of big blocks of shares in a Canadian silver-mine. The Scottish gentleman demanded to be allowed to come in, and after a good deal of difficulty was permitted to do so to the extent of £7,000. The current quotation for his shares to-day is less than £700, but to his complaints he got no answer, except that it was the fortune of war, and that, in any case, he was not asked to come into this transaction, but insisted on butting in.

* * *

THE leading spirits of this particular gang are well-known people, and one of them is a peer with many affiliations in disastrous limited company fiascos in the City. Another is a man who has interests in blocks of flats, which are run in a way that constantly invites the attentions of the police, but the parties they gather for week-ends up the river have always a fair proportion of quite respectable people. Some of these are quite innocent of what is going on. Others know and wink at it so long as they are not involved themselves. They quite appreciate the lavish hospitality by which they can not only have a week-end whenever they wish, but also bring their friends with them.

Chorus-girls with rich admirers are familiar features at these week-end parties, and one black-haired young woman, who is known to her friends as "The Vamp," has been worth a small fortune to the gang.

* * *

THESE people regard what they call "cutting up," which is really bare-faced robbery, as a legitimate occupation. The Port of London Authority and the Thames Conservancy Board are very active in patrolling the river and repressing the more vulgar forms of impropriety and crime, but they cannot touch the well-dressed, well-to-do, outwardly well-behaved people who live in distinguished style and use London's fashionable playground as a place to lure their victims to, and despoil them in whatever way opportunity may suggest. The only way these people can be dealt with is by Society itself. Until it decides that something more drastic is required than a mere shrug of the shoulders, the gangs which infest the river will continue their career of trickery, debauchery and spoliation.

THE

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£30,000 COMPETITION FOR THE VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS.

At the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of Estates Control, Limited, the Chairman, Sir George Lawson Johnston, after dealing with the Company's accounts, referred to a matter which he felt sure would be of interest to many Voluntary Hospitals throughout the country. An Association had been formed under the name of the British Charities Association, with a view to running competitions and securing any profits therefrom for the benefit of Hospitals and other charities. The first of these would be a Prize Scheme in which there would be a first prize of £12,000, and in all £30,000 worth of prizes. The prizes were to be guaranteed by Bovril, Ltd., who would also pay the cost of an extensive publicity campaign.

A special feature of the scheme would be that tickets would be supplied absolutely free to recognised Voluntary Hospitals on condition that they were issued only to those who gave not less than 5s. to the Hospital. In this way, the whole of the money collected by the Hospitals could be retained by them, without any deduction for Competition expenses or prizes.

"Which are the Best Bovril Posters?" would be the subject of the Competition, and as these Bovril posters had attracted public attention for over a quarter of a century, there would be considerable interest evoked in deciding the order of their popularity.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

Should a Woman Tell?

"DURING the war, young Mormon elders were very busy in our home town in Cambridgeshire. I fell in love with one of them—a good-looking boy. I was baptised in their faith. My Mormon lover returned to Utah and sent me fifty pounds to go out to him. I sailed, but was stopped at Liverpool by the police, who had been informed by my mother that I was not yet twenty-one.

"I wrote to the Mormon, returning the money (less expenses). He replied that he would come over for me next year. Some months later, I met a real man—an Englishman—fell in love with him and married him.

"He knows nothing of my Mormon episode. Now I learn that the Mormon man is coming here again to make a two-year stay. Shall I tell my husband?"

"Humanist" says: *Tell your husband. You have done nothing wrong, and, as you say, he is a real man and an Englishman. And if he goes to the Mormon and reduces his enthusiasm for staying in this country I shall be very glad to hear it.*

An Inventor's Trouble

"I HAVE invented a process for a non-puncturable tyre, which, with anything like luck, ought to make my fortune. I put the documents, including the secret of the process, in the hands of a solicitor. He has undertaken to float a company to put it on the market, but there have been interminable delays.

"Now he tells me that he has approached a tyre company to take the matter up, but they refuse, as they say another man has made the same discovery that I have. I believe that my process has been stolen from me. Can I take any legal action?"

"Humanist" says:—*You would have to prove a conspiracy between your solicitor and the rival inventor. A secret process is much more difficult to protect than a patent. Why not try to come to terms with the new inventor? If he is genuine he will probably agree, and fifty-fifty is better than nothing at all.*

Mother or Sweetheart

"I AM a disabled ex-officer who, since leaving the Service, has been very ill indeed with rheumatoid arthritis—which I contracted on active service. On one occasion I was in bed for 8 months lying helpless, unable to move, sleep, eat or drink anything but beef tea. The only rest I had was when the doctor injected morphia into me, which I craved for to put me out of pain for a few hours.

"During all these weeks of agony my dear mother was looking after me as an angel sitting by my side day and night, until I began to get better.

"When on crutches I met a young lady who looked after me like another angel until I was well enough to take up some light work of a clerical nature. I fell in love with her, and my mother was delighted. A short time ago I was engaged but sad to relate the ring, which I had saved up for, denying myself tobacco and other such luxuries to obtain, was accidentally lost by her whilst washing her hands in a public wash-house. To add to this she has been under the impression that she has not been wanted at my home, due to misunderstandings on both sides.

"The climax was reached last Sunday when a violent quarrel ensued between my mother and my sweetheart in which the latter was ordered out of my house and told never to enter again. Now, sir, comes my position. If I see the girl of my heart I should not be allowed to bring her home, and if I stay with my mother I shall lose my 'lady love.' I have tried my hardest to get them to forgive and forgot their words and actions, but both refuse to do so. At present my position owing to my disability only brings me a few shillings a week, so to set up a home is an impossibility."

"Humanist" says:—*I am very sorry for you. But your marriage is not urgent. Wait till your health and prospects improve. By that time these two women, who both love you, may have realised where their duty lies, which is certainly not to destroy your happiness. Show them this, with Humanist's best wishes and regards.*

A Girl's Thoughts

"I LIVE with my people, who are content to go through life as easily as possible, any way, any how, so long as they get there; this is their attitude. To me this doesn't seem right; something tells me that there are better, finer and more wholesome things in life to strive for. I feel that, by putting all my energy into the best things, I could get the best in return. Is it possible?

"My sisters tell me I am a fool and constantly ridicule me. They have no use for qualities which I value, such as self-respect and refinement, and their cold sarcasm hurts terribly. Constant nagging and quarrelling causes in the home an atmosphere which is almost intolerable and yet if I protest it only makes matters worse as my sisters are so prejudiced against my views.

"I sometimes wonder if I am right in clinging to my ideals, or should I be like my sisters say, and 'have a little common-sense, go out and get a boy like other girls do, and take what is good enough for others?'

"In a way, perhaps they are right, but the idea of 'getting a boy' is utterly repellant to me, as I am sure I couldn't marry a man who hold women so cheaply. My thoughts and feelings, in fact, my whole nature seems to be so different from that of my family that I wonder if, after all, I am not 'reaching for the moon.'"

"Humanist" says: *Follow your ideals by all means. It is the only way to reach happiness. But beware of thinking yourself superior to others, because you feel different from them. You give no reason for your strange conclusion that the prospective boy should hold women so cheaply. Try to think more clearly.*

Fear of Mrs. Grundy

"A MAN of good standing and holding office in a Christian church, of highly sensitive nature, and deeply needing a loving human companionship, grew sick and in ill-health owing to the nagging and false, shameful stories about him circulated by his wife. He at last withdrew from church association, was on the edge of a physical if not mental breakdown, and went to the United States. Remaining there a considerable time he managed to obtain a divorce from his wife, and returning into the district of his home, married another woman, gentle, helpful and faithful. The problem is how far should his old friends recognise him and his new wife? They might meet him and I would sympathise with him and help him if needful; but women won't accept his new wife. How far should we ignore Mrs. Grundy's objections, and exercise our own judgment in circumstances not perfectly known by outsiders?"

"Humanist" says:—*Mrs. Grundy is too much with us. The first wife was an unpleasant person, and the second wife blameless, if she believed that an American court could dissolve a marriage made in this country between two British subjects. Good women do not solve intricate problems of this kind by cutting good women. But has the returned husband no fear of a prosecution for bigamy?*

Norman Law

"I FORGAVE my wife once for infidelity. In vain. She could not go straight. She is now living with a widower, who is the father of her child, though she has registered it in my name, as, according to the law of the Channel Islands, of which I and my wife are natives and residents, there are no illegitimate children born in wedlock.

"Neither is there any divorce law here, and divorce granted in England is not recognised here, where we enjoy the privilege of Norman law. I have a high sense of morality. I am compelled to live in the same district as my wife and her paramour. I have no relief unless I resort to murder."

"Humanist" says: *You are a sufferer under an obsolete law—and no legal remedy appears to exist. Try to devote yourself to a movement to abolish so unfair a law. It ought not to be impossible to bring Jersey into line with the Island of Great Britain.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others

The Mixed Marriage.

"My son, a Protestant, was forced to become a Roman Catholic through marrying a Catholic girl. He only stayed a month with her, and nothing will induce him to return to her. He has become wild at his own foolishness in his pretence of 'going over to Rome.' Always a very well-doing lad, he is now going headlong to destruction in the hopes that his wife may divorce him. Do please try to do something for an afflicted widow."

Your son is adding folly to indiscretion. Tell him to be a man and pick up the threads of his broken life. He is not the first man to make an unsuitable marriage.

A Swindling Bookmaker.

"I owe ten pounds to my bookmaker, and now learn that he is a swindler. His solicitors are suing me."

If you would have taken the money had you won and he paid, you should pay when you have lost. If you think he would not have paid, await the legal proceedings. If the bookmaker is a swindler he will not dare to do more than threaten you.

A Daughter's Duty.

"My father, who is separated from my mother, lives with me. Lately he has begun to pay attentions to a respectable young woman, and now wants me to take her into my house."

Do not help your father in any course that is clearly wrong. You are mistress in your own house.

A 25-year-old Crime.

"Twenty-five years ago I committed a crime, shooting a man who assaulted my sister. The man died two years later. I feel tempted to confess and get ease of conscience."

If it will do you any good—confess; but it seems unnecessary now. Your punishment would probably be negligible.

On the Cards.

"I suspect a man at my club of cheating at cards. He has no income that I know of, but wins quite a lot from his fellow members."

Don't play with him. If the other members do the same, he will find another club.

Food for Thought.

"I suspect my butcher of selling me foreign meat as British, and charging me for the home-grown stuff."

Do not send me on a sample, but get it examined by an expert. Then initiate prosecution. There is no merit in showing mercy to profiteers.

A Dubious Lodger.

"My lodger, I am afraid, is either a thief or is dealing with stolen goods. His room is full of articles of furniture, cigarette-cases, goblets, plate, etc. What should I do?"

If you are uneasy, give him notice to quit. You are under no obligation to keep a lodger against your will and judgment.

Acutely Candour.

"I confessed to my husband, as my conscience was troubling me, that a former lover, on leave from France, had taken advantage of me. My conscientious confession has ruined my life. He hates me, and even spitefully ill-treats our little children. Can I get a separation allowance?"

We all pay for our mistakes in this world. If your husband were a man he would forgive you. But if he beats you and the children the law will protect you.

An Undesirable Neighbour.

"My neighbour's wife beat my little girl over the head with a stick, for picking flowers in her garden. What can I do?"

Summon her for assault, but keep your little girl out of your neighbour's garden in future.

A Wife's Friend.

"I have an out-of-work husband, and am in dire distress. I have also a male friend, who wishes to give me financial help, on condition that I do not tell my husband. What can I do?"

Tell your friend that you cannot accept help, unless your husband is told. If he is a real friend he will agree.

A Nagging Husband.

"I have five children, two born out of wedlock. My husband does not like these two, and is always nagging. My brother lives with me and my husband is jealous of him. If I do anything for my brother my husband makes this into a grievance when we are alone."

Try to meet your husband in every possible way. Do not yield to despair. Patience and courage are your only remedies.

A Changed Husband.

"I made a mistake, and my lover left me. Another man married me to save my name. Now he has turned against me and my child and threatens to expose me to my people."

Try and persuade him to be more generous. He acted generously at first—not the sign of a bad man. Are you blameless?

A Case for Divorce.

"My marriage was never consummated and I have been separated from my wife for eleven years. She refuses to assist me in nullity proceedings. I desire to marry."

You are entitled to divorce. It is for you to decide if the evidence is sufficient.

Husband or Sisters.

"I married against my people's wishes. They cast me off. My father died and I was not even told. My husband will not let me write to my sisters. I long to do so, should I deceive him?"

No. But ask him to forgive and forget. Tell him that forgiveness to the injured doth belong.

A Bigamist Husband.

"My husband is in jail for bigamy, but I love him dearly. I am living on parish relief. What can I do?"

You love your husband. When he comes back, help him to be a better man.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Darwin in the Dock

by HARRISON OWEN

MAJOR LEONARD DARWIN was charged under the Pure Foods Act with adulterating the milk of human kindness by adding thereto an injurious substance of his own manufacture, which, on being analysed, was found to be made up of equal parts of vinegar and gall.

Accused pleaded "Not guilty."

In opening the case for the prosecution, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., stated that Darwin was a son of Charles Darwin, the eminent naturalist, who advanced the theory that human beings had evolved from monkeys. "I will not deny the possibility that I am descended from a primordial protoplasmic atomic globule," remarked Mr. Watchdog, "and it may be that a gorilla was among my more recent relations, but most of us preserve few, if any, of the traits of such savage ancestors.

"The accused, though, appears to wish us to revert to them, for in his presidential address at the annual meeting of the Eugenics Education Society he attacked social reformers and others who are striving for the betterment of suffering humanity and, among other things, stated that pity and solicitude for our less fortunate fellows were obstacles in the way of racial progress.

"The accused also declared that 'inferior types must be eliminated,' that out-of-work doles to those constitutionally incapable of work, and out-door relief generally, tend to promote the inferiority of the race, and that the endowment of motherhood to the 'superior and inferior alike' would have the same result. Much similarly heartless nonsense included in the address suggests that the accused is endeavouring to advance the teaching of Nietzsche that the weak must drown and it is the duty of the strong to push them under. During the war this would have looked dangerously like German propaganda, and it is well that the accused should understand that the war was not fought to make England a place fit for frightfulness to flourish in.

"WE have been told," continued Mr. Watchdog, "that eugenists think they can improve the race by scratching all the horses, and this delusion apparently is held by the prisoner. The distinguished father of the accused wrote much concerning the survival of the fittest, but his son, who evidently regards poverty as one of the deadliest of sins, appears to favour the survival of the fattest. By what method he would distinguish 'superiah' from 'inferior' people I am unable to say, but presumably he would appoint a Government phrenologist to feel the bumps of newly born infants and consign to a lethal chamber all those who displayed no overweening superiority."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client's opinions were based purely upon scientific considerations. He desired that his father's system of natural selection should be enlarged to embrace artificial rejection. It was not unreasonable to urge that those who were unfit to work were unfit to live.

THE jury found accused "Guilty," with a recommendation to mercilessness. "The views put forward by prisoner," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "may be those of a man of science, but certainly they are not such as would be expected from an officer and a gentleman—at least, not an English officer and gentleman. 'The Origin Of Species,' admittedly, is a work of great scientific value, but for the origin of speeches such as that made by the prisoner one must grope in the quagmires of pseudo-scientific flapdoodle. I have yet to learn that pity is akin to hate or that humanity will be lifted up if its weaker members are trodden down. As prisoner evidently has great faith in scientific theories, I direct that he shall devote the next ten years to a search for the Missing Link, and that if he finds it they shall be locked up together in a fourteen-foot room so that the doctrine of the survival of the fittest may be put to a practical test."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid for the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"EVENING NEWS":—"The party left Hull by the 8.55 TRAIN for Sheffield BY CHAR-A-BANCS, and made a tour of the SURROUNDING COUNTRY."

"BOYS' FRIEND":—"A scream of agony rang out, and one of the pirates DROPPED ON HIS FACE. They watched him for a moment DRUMMING HIS HEELS on the flags."

"HULL EVENING NEWS":—"About eleven, it is stated, sounds of violent quarrelling were heard proceeding from the SECOND FLAT of a ONE-ROOMED HOUSE."

"STRATFORD EXPRESS" (advert.):—"Wanted, at once, a potman; must be clean and thorough and AFRAID OF WORK; sleep out."

"DAILY MAIL" (serial):—"She came to him, CARESSING HIS HANDS WITH HER CHEEK."

"GROCER'S GAZETTE" (advert.):—"Lincolnshire farm BUTTER, in 1-lb. rolls, GATHERED FRESH DAILY."

"NORTH MAIL":—Miss . . . achieved an original colour scheme—a rosette-trimmed frock of orange georgette, tied by a WHITE sash of ROYAL BLUE."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN":—"Stray cats, if notified as stray, will be called for and PAINFULLY destroyed, free of charge."

"BIRMINGHAM POST":—"The High Commissioner for Palestine, who ARRIVED IN LONDON LAST NIGHT, called at the Colonial Office YESTERDAY MORNING."

"WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES":—"Mother's Help wanted, with POULTRY, COW AND TWO BABIES."

"WEEK END NOVELS":—"He SAT DOWN and WENT TO HIS SIDE."

"DAILY SKETCH":—Their first child, a daughter, WAS BORN IN FEBRUARY, 1921, and THREE WEEKS LATER was elected a member of the Wealdstone Unionist Association."

"HEXHAM COURANT":—"She wore a ROSE OF AMBER BEADS, and a skunk wrap, the gifts of the bridegroom."

Sports and by ROWLEY

NONE but a Solomon, and a Solomon with the gift of infallibility, can be fair without being inconsistent. Forgive this profound saying, which is wrung from me by the realisation that not all the legends of the racecourse are wholly accurate or survive critical and honest examination.

* * *

It is a legend of the racecourse that, if you are a powerful owner or you employ a fashionable trainer, the surprising recovery of form which your horses enjoy escapes anything but the benevolent interest of the turf authorities. If, on the other hand, you are a "small" owner, employing an unimportant trainer—or let us say a trainer of platers—the inexplicable form of your horses is instantly enquired into, and you are warned off with the least possible delay. Which is a lie.

Small Owners.

I don't remember any small owner being warned off because the running of his horses merited suspicion. The last important warning off was that of Mr. Batho, the trainer, for very foolishly telling a jockey that if he couldn't win he was not to get placed—instructions which are given almost every day on almost every racecourse. That his offence was a very unimportant one was proved by his subsequent reinstatement.

* * *

The less fashionable trainer, indeed, is as exempt from enquiry into the eccentric running of his horses as is that Great Irish Gentleman, the mention of whose name sets all the machinery of the law aquiver and makes the process server strain at the leash and slaver expectantly.

An Example.

Here is a case in point. Mr. Stanley Wootton, a very capable and painstaking young man, trained and owned a two-year-old called Dress Circle f. And the career of this interesting thoroughbred illustrates to the full the sagacity of those who say from time to time that Horses are Not Machines. Mr. Gant, the eminent bookmaker, owns a filly called Roy's Daughter, and it has been the fate of Roy's Daughter to meet and defeat Dress Circle f. on three separate occasions. At Lingfield, Roy's Daughter finished second to Gamgee with Dress Circle f. (10 to 1) nowhere. At Lewes, on June 2nd, Roy's Daughter was second to May Morn at level weights, with Dress Circle f. (100/8) nowhere. At Windsor, on June 23rd, Roy's Daughter was third to Elsie Maynard, with Dress Circle f. (100/8) sixth.

* * *

This running proved beyond any doubt that nobody in their senses would ever back Dress Circle f. to beat Roy's Daughter at level weights. And yet . . . Three days after the Windsor meeting Dress Circle f. comes out at Folkestone and beats Roy's Daughter pointless. Was this surprising victory unexpected? Not at all. Dress Circle f. started at 4/1—Roy's Daughter at 6/1. Between the Saturday and the Tuesday, Dress Circle f. had, in some mysterious fashion, convinced the people who made it one of the four favourites for the race that the previous running was all wrong.

Rapid Improvement.

Did the stewards order an instant enquiry and send Mr. S. Wootton packing? No, sirs. They probably realised that horses make extraordinary week-end improvement, even in smallish stables, and they very properly extended to Mr. Wootton the implied approval they convey when similar revolutions of form occur in the stables about which we never speak without taking off our hats.

* * *

Horses are Not Machines: never forget that. And nobody realises this fact more readily than the local stewards. There was once an actor who, playing with Irving, protested against the "moonlight" which followed the great actor wherever he moved on the stage.

"Mr. Irving," he said in his exasperation, "am I not entitled to a share of that dam' moon?"

So may the small stable demand: "May I not have my share of miracles?"

Unbiased.

There are a score of reasons why Dress Circle f. might have been backed at Folkestone. It might have been that she was unlucky at the start, that information was to hand detrimental to the well-being of Roy's Daughter. Or Folkestone may have been an ideal course for the filly; or the market being a weak one, a little money might have brought her to favouritism. I am not suggesting that there was anything in the least degree improper or dishonest in the improvement of Dress Circle f. I merely wish to point out that the turf authorities are not influenced in the slightest degree by the social standing of owners or the greatness or smallness of trainers.

Two Liars.

I have just seen a letter from a gentleman who, calling himself the "accredited agent of Mr. Rowley Mile," has been selling sweepstake tickets and, presumably, pouching the proceeds. I need hardly say that the only agent I have is a literary agent in New York, and the fellow who is using my name is a barefaced swindler.

* * *

Another "Rowley Mile," selling tips from a Manchester address, has dropped his nefarious work on threat of prosecution. Will everybody please note that I have no association with any other newspaper than JOHN BULL, and that I neither sell tips nor buy them?

Welshers.

Complaints about welshing bookmakers continue to reach me, and I really cannot attend to them. If you bet with thieves you will get robbed. Do your business with the people who advertise in JOHN BULL and then you *can't* be swindled.

Our Sporting Princess.

What a democratic young person is H.R.H. the Viscountess Lascelles! I saw her in the Plantation at Newmarket on Wednesday checking off the runners on her card side by side with a bookmaker from the silver ring and his buxom wife. And I hope that the story is true of the Big Big Word she used when her husband's Canary Seed was beaten.

* * *

Lord Lascelles really ought to sue all the photographers for libel. I've never seen a picture that did him justice. In reality he is a very good-looking man with a fresh complexion and the golden moustache without which none of Ouida's guardsmen were complete. And here is a fact that you don't expect to get from a racing correspondent—he and his wife are extremely good pals. And Princess Mary is a jolly good sort and an enthusiastic race-fan!

NEWMARKET NOTES.

ALTHOUGH the majority of our runners will be seen out at Pontefract this week we are certain to have a fair number of horses going to Lingfield, and probably a good share of the winners will come from headquarters. Stanley House hold a strong hand with Ceinturon, Highbrow, Dry Gin and Sierra Leone. Montserrat or Advantage will probably be run instead of Bowood, and both these will be placed to win races before the end of the season. Young Pole, which is not badly handicapped here, is a disappointing animal, which does not reproduce his home form in public. Piccadilly is a good, honest filly which has an undoubted chance—a remark which applies to Flammette. However, I have most liking for Corbridge, which is going well in all his gallops and which is really well in. He is having a special preparation for this race, and will carry my vote.

Yorkshire Maiden Plate.

In this very interesting race Newmarket is strongly represented. I have a particular fancy for Gabrielle, which ran a good second at Windsor to Cherry Brook, quite a useful performer. Gabrielle has come on by leaps and bounds lately, and is going to take a lot of beating if this is her selected race. She has my confident vote.

Great West Riding Handicap.

This is the chief attraction of the meeting, run on the second day, and there is not a very chance of the race coming to headquarters. Stanley House hold a strong hand with Ceinturon, Highbrow, Dry Gin and Sierra Leone. Montserrat or Advantage will probably be run instead of Bowood, and both these will be placed to win races before the end of the season. Young Pole, which is not badly handicapped here, is a disappointing animal, which does not reproduce his home form in public. Piccadilly is a good, honest filly which has an undoubted chance—a remark which applies to Flammette. However, I have most liking for Corbridge, which is going well in all his gallops and which is really well in. He is having a special preparation for this race, and will carry my vote.

A Winner Seen.

Crimson Sun was well galloped before going to Sandown, and ran well enough to satisfy her connections that her turn would soon come. She holds several engagements, and her selected race may be the Alexandra Handicap at Pontefract on Thursday, for which she is nicely weighted. James, who is riding in such good form just now, will be up, claiming the apprentice's allowance, and I think she will take a lot of beating.

Lighthouse's Conqueror.

Canova won in such convincing style at Sandown from Lighthouse as to show clearly that he is a much improved horse. His next outing is for the Kilnwick Plate at Pontefract on Friday, and he should not be missed.

A Summer Horse.

The Carpenter has never been so well as at present. This horse did not win last year until July, and it is not until the summer that he is at his best. I should advise following him from now onwards. He is engaged in the July Stakes Handicap at Ayr on Saturday, and if sent should be backed.

One to Watch.

Although Lieutenant did not run up to expectations at Windsor, he is very useful

THE PROMISING YEARLING

'Twas at the Sales one far July
I saw a yearling in the ring,
A dapper colt. "You're mine," said I,
And bid like anything.

I took him to my trainer's place.
My trainer looked at him and said:
"If this young fellow doesn't race,
I'll eat my blooming head."

We put him in the Coventry,
The Champagne and the Middle Park,
Bombarding Mr. Weatherby
From early dawn to dark.

Guineas and Derby knew his name;
The Leger booked him for a bout.
We thought that it would be a shame
To leave his entry out.

There came at last a spring sublime.
I listened to the trainer's whim:
"He's just a baby: give him time—
We must not hurry him."

The autumn passed, the nights grew cold.
The trainer spoke to me once more.
"He'll make a smashing three-year-old—
Or maybe when he's four."

We couldn't train him all next year.
Derby, and Leger came and fled.
"He'll make a Cup horse, never fear,"
The cheery trainer said.

He never went to any course
As two or three or four-year-old.
To-day this most decrepit horse
Is entered to be sold.

If you desire a curio
With strangles, staggers, housemaid's knee,
Bad hocks, thick wind and vertigo,
Kindly apply to me.

R. M.

Hafa.

This two-year-old of Barling's can be marked down as winner of a minor event very shortly. His running at Newmarket in the spring, when third to Cuckoo and Executioner, will bear inspection. His subsequent running can be ignored, as he had to be eased in his work, but he is doing well now and should not be allowed

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

BIBURY CLUB (Wednesday).

2.0 Vali (Grave and Gay, Nose Dive).
2.30 Royal Hussar (Pomar, Hounslo).
3.0 Thorndown (Pass the Mint, Ferdia).
3.30 Long Carrie.
4.0 Haverswood.
4.30 Farndon Bridge (Anitra's Dance, Will's Neck).

BIBURY CLUB (Thursday).

1.45 Kesh.
2.45 Thrush.
3.15 London Pride.
3.45 Hous Verrons (Brisl, Lord Thanet).
4.15 The Duellist (The Owl, Grecian Beauty).

PONTEFRACT (Wednesday).

1.45 Seeker.
2.15 Breslaus.
2.45 Beaver.
3.15 Philippi.
3.45 Quip.
4.15 Canteloupe.

PONTEFRACT (Thursday).

1.45 Wellpenny.
2.15 Astrandy.
2.45 China Orange.
3.15 Bowood.
3.45 Orderly.
4.15 Crimson Dawn.

PONTEFRACT (Friday).

1.45 Too Eager.
2.45 Munster's Pride.
3.15 David's Orb.
3.45 Mill Belle.

LINGFIELD (Friday).

1.50 Cheese Talk (Tibet, The Bailiff).
2.20 Noble Order (Gypsy, Cabbage).
2.50 Collaborator (Terezina, Pondoland).
3.20 Hous Verrons (Son O' Love, Sorrel).
3.50 White Bread (Psycho, Crusader's Pet).
4.20 Oriel (Terre Ferme, Bold Danby).

LINGFIELD (Saturday).

1.50 Merry Marcus (Beckham Star, Deception).
2.20 Silly Sock (Phlox, Vain Percy).
2.50 Himatee Mahal (Hades, Sun Gold).
3.20 Pinpoint (Meteoric, Irish Eagle).
4.20 Certona (Blagueur, Lord of Burghley).

AYR (Saturday).

TRIAL SELLING.—Board of Guardians.
JULY STAKES.—Silver Band.
KYLE STAKES.—Rhythm.
STEWARDS' SELLING.—Rosemary.
GARRICK HANDICAP.—White Bud.

Sportsmen
MILE

to run loose. If sent for the Burns T.Y.O. Selling Plate at Ayr on Monday, he should win.

A Good-class Selling Plater.

Another of Barling's string which should not be missed if seen out in a selling race is First House. This horse was none too sound last year, but he is quite fit now and has been galloped good enough for a good-class seller. Make a note of him.

Rhythm.

This two-year-old filly is very useful, and was much fancied to beat Appleby at Newcastle. She goes to Ayr on Monday for the Auchincruive T.Y.O. Plate and I have a lot of confidence in her.

Waugh's Best Two-year-old.

The best youngster T. Waugh has found so far is Merriment, who was very backward when running at Ascot and did well to finish a fairly good fourth to Knight of the Garter. He has been kept busy since, and is one that should be backed next time out.

A Likely Stewards' Cup Winner.

Ruysdael has missed several tempting engagements lately, no doubt with a view to the Stewards' Cup. He is a much-improved animal, and, if reasonably handicapped, will lead the field a merry dance. He is very fast and might easily win.

A Promising Two-year-old.

Golden Trace is one of J. Jarvis' high-priced yearlings. He is a promising colt and goes better each time he is galloped. He will probably prove to be Jarvis' best two-year-old, and I can say with confidence that he should be backed next time out, and will pay to follow. Another useful youngster in the same stable is Vesper Belle, whose running at Ascot can, I fancy, be ignored.

ALL KINDS OF SPORT.

At first glance it looks very much as if young Anno Domini has been anticipated in the case of Jack Dempsey, for the gruelling he got from Gibbons is, to say the least, amazing. But when you remember that the fight was organised to boost the district in which it was held, and the best expected was that Jack would play for the pictures for a few rounds in order to earn his £60,000, you also realise that, if the fight hadn't gone for 15 rounds, there would have been a riot.

* * *

Everybody was saying that the fight was no more than an exhibition bout that the men were unevenly matched, that Gibbons' weight and dimensions had been faked to "bring him up" to Dempsey, and, generally speaking, the bout was derided from one end of the States to the other. In these circumstances I should have been very much surprised if there had been a knock-out. Dempsey had to justify the fight, and the only way he could do it was to let the contest go the whole journey.

* * *

Those optimists who believe Dempsey is on the down grade and are planning new Waterloos for him had better sit back and think hard. The Dempsey-Gibbon wrangle was according to plan and, in my judgment, the gun that goes after that 'possum is going to find his "somewheres else."

* * *

I am glad to note that our friends of an evening contemporary have taken up the question, "Is Tennis a Game for Men?" It is, of course, only just as women golfers are prone to develop masculine traits, so is the he tennis player biased toward femininity. I am glad we got through the championships without hysteria. By the way, the accommodation at Wimbledon is grossly inadequate. What's the matter with the Stadium for future champ matches?

* * *

Harking back to boxing, the Bad Hand controversy is not yet pacified. For the life of me I do not know whether Joe is going to fight or if he isn't. By the way, will Major Wilson fix a match between Tom Gibbons and Beckett?

* * *

Henley was Henley last week—the real Henley of the pictures. I'm not a rowing enthusiast, and personally regattas bore me. The only way to enjoy to the full these functions is to take a punt, an agreeable friend, a large hamper and a book of poetry into a shady backwater, away from the hullabaloo of the river. But the book of poems is not absolutely necessary.

HORSES TO NOTE.

Gentelinge (3 yrs.).—This filly, who formed one of a "little lot" Cottrill acquired cheaply from Mr. James White, has been tried pretty smart. Like all the stock of Amadis, she stays well.

Wandering Heak (2 yrs.).—Apparently carried little or no stable money at Sandown Park, yet he acquitted himself like a good one. The colt is evidently on the up grade.

The Bastlick (4 yrs.).—Although this filly has once or twice run respectably, she has not so far this season exhibited her true form. She is likely to win a short-distance handicap in the near future.

Beaver (3 yrs.).—If reports from Winchester are to be believed, this colt is capable of greater deeds than any he has yet accomplished. Handicappers certainly take a very lenient view of his merits.

Egester (2 yrs.).—Got very badly away at Sandown Park, and under the circumstances did very well to finish fourth. The son of Entebbe is a very useful colt.

Morning Light (4 yrs.).—Nothing has been seen of this mare so far this season, but she is very well, and when her day arrives it will pay to remember that she is by no means the worst of the many smart sprinters trained by O. Bell.

Sierra Leone (3 yrs.).—Has been indulged with a rest since running second to Bowood at Doncaster. He is going great guns again, and is worth noting.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Perfectus failed to act on the hard ground at Newcastle. This fact may be worth bearing in mind towards the week-end.

* * *

"Tommy" Edge does not as a rule allow his horses to run merely for the stake. It is not a fact, however, that he did not have a shilling on Fancy Man when that horse ran at Brighton.

* * *

It is said that Concertina was more or less amiss, alike when she won at Birmingham and at Newcastle. If that is so, she strengthens Alec Taylor's already strong hand for the St. Leger.

* * *

The entry for the Jockey Club Cup reveals the fact that Lord Jersey, of all men, resorts to the out-of-date plan of making "sealed nominations."

* * *

Are all our three-year-olds modestis? The Irish lot certainly are, judging by the style Waygood trounced them at the Curragh.

* * *

We made the acquaintance of a new aspirant to riding honours at Windsor in the person of Larkin's apprentice, H. Graham. This lad who, at the age of sixteen, actually speaks seven languages, has only been four months in the stables, and already shows great promise,

"JOHN BULL" says:
"DUGGIE has cut the 'catch' out of Racing."
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A. Emil Davies.

Ignorance in High Places

Amazing Blunders of the Great

by A. EMIL DAVIES, L.C.C.

(Editor of the "John Bull Treasure Book of Knowledge.")

WE are an uneducated nation at the top, the middle and the bottom. The chief blame lies with those at the top, from whom the middle class takes its cue, while the mass of the nation have to take what their masters provide, in education, as in other things. Consequently ignorance in Mayfair means ignorance in Balham and Poplar. When war broke out, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, according to common and uncontradicted report knew as much of Europe as a one day's excursion to Boulogne had provided.

We then had a Prime Minister who gravely assured his hearers in a speech that some of the states that constituted the United States of America were larger than an English county (California alone is as large as Italy!)

At the Peace Conference the four men who had to settle the destinies of the world could not communicate directly with one another because the British Prime Minister could not speak French.

We then sent to Paris as Ambassador, a peer who could not utter a sentence in the language of the country; and in his memoirs published the other day, another peer who represented us in an allied country when war broke out, mentioned, as a matter of course, that he did not know the language of the people to whom he was accredited. And then we wonder that our Government is misinformed as to what is happening in the world!

A FEW weeks ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget speech revealed his ignorance of the season of the year when the beet sugar crop is harvested, and told the Yankee sugar speculators what he was going to do, with the result that we shall pay millions more for sugar during the next few months.

Neither our Government nor the middle classes have the faintest notion of food values, so that we have the most inadequate and dirtiest supply of milk in the civilised world—the one product which a great scientist has called "the food of foods." The man responsible for the education of the whole nation, the President of the Board of Education is a gentleman named Wood, of whom no one has ever heard.

ONCE only have we had a real educationist in that position, in the shape of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, and his efforts to educate the nation were quickly thwarted by the rich and titled vulgarians who dominate our politics and control our Press. As a result the level of general knowledge is lower in this country than in most.

Ask the average man at his dinner table (or rather do *not* ask him, if you wish to be invited again), to tell you the origin of the comestibles he is consuming, and you will witness an appalling expression of ignorance.

Ask him what pepper is, and where it grows—the difference between tapioca and sago—and he will try to conceal his ignorance with a joke. He cannot even tell you what whisky and gin are made of.

Far be it from me to suggest that education consists merely of a collection of facts, but without a basis of facts people cannot obtain that *savoir faire* or gumption necessary to an understanding of their fellows. Hence the appalling ineptitude of our governing classes with regard to questions affecting the mass of the population, such as housing.

It is the same with the finer side of life; in no civilised country is the mass of the population so divorced from the things of the spirit and the arts as in Britain. What do the common man and his wife know of opera, painting, literature, architecture, and music? An advertising outside share-broker and a pill vendor are made baronets; the architect of County Hall, that fine addition to London building, goes unhonoured.

THE British race is probably the best in the world for colonising the waste spaces of the earth; but there are not many empty spaces left and in competition with the Americans, the Dutch, the Scandinavians—yes, and the Germans—we look like becoming a C3 nation. We can spend ten millions on a naval dock at Singapore, but have to cut down our expenditure on education! The responsibility for this lies primarily with our governing class; and yet, who knows? Perhaps they are not so stupid as they appear, for if we had an educated nation, we should have a very different governing class!

Women Without Hope

Scandalous Pensions Practice

by PROFESSOR A. M. LOW

THE scandals of the administration of War Pensions have been many, and indeed the public has become almost tired of hearing of them. Perhaps, however, what is the gravest and most serious scandal of all has been barely recognised, either by the authorities or the man in the street. This scandal is the automatic cancellation of a war widow's pension when she is proved guilty of having broken her marriage vows after the death of her husband.

It is a fact that in the early days of Peace hundreds of women who were dependent solely and entirely upon the benevolence of a grateful country for their livelihood, sacrificed, almost before they had received any money whatsoever, their right to that livelihood.

Take the case of a woman who has married a man capable of supporting her by his weekly earnings. In the stress of his country's need he joins the Army, and subsequently falls like thousands of others on the field of battle.

The shock of his death, announced suddenly after days and even weeks of suspense and anxious waiting, plunges the poor widow into a condition of hysteria, which renders her quite incapable of self-control. She is in need of sympathy; she sees before her a long, black stretch of companionless life. The result is that she succumbs to the temptation which dooms her prospects of receiving a pension.

When it is too late she realises the enormity of her offence. If she does not do so, it is driven home to her by reason of the fact that when she goes forth to search for work, she finds that her character—so essential to the securing of a situation—has been hopelessly blasted by the unforgivable blunder she made. She searches in vain and at last is driven to sin again in order to provide herself with food.

No more systematic method of forcing women to resort to the streets as a means of livelihood could be conceived. Yet this clause in the Pensions Act was inserted under the pseudonym of justice. Instead of sympathy, the chance to retrieve a lost character, to obliterate the memory of an almost unaccountable blunder, the woman who sinned because of a condition over which she had no control, finds herself a social outcast.

And all because her husband was killed. If he had lived she would never have sinned, she would never have been dependent on the mercy or mercilessness of the Pensions authorities.

Similar arguments hold good in many respects in the case of the ex-soldier who, because he found his pension inadequate for the needs of his very often large family, commits a trivial crime, such as the theft of an overcoat. He gets, say, six months' imprisonment. When he comes out, at the moment when he most needs help in order to set him upon the path of virtue once more, he finds that even the almost hopelessly inadequate pension, which he has been wont to regard as standing between his family and starvation, has been stopped. Result—in a short time he is again driven to crime.

Even a dog is allowed two bites before he is condemned. Why are these poor offenders not placed upon probation? Why should the offending widow not be warned and given another chance? Why should the unemployed ex-soldier have to pay a double penalty for a crime?

There is a growing need for a revision of this clause in the Act. The ranks of crime and immorality are already filled to overflowing without officialdom forcing others to similar degradation. Such measures constitute a slur on the fair name of British Justice.

BULLETS £2,000 WINNER

What He will do with the Money

THAT small things lead to big things was never better instanced than in the case of Allan Grant, of 13, London Road, Caterham, Surrey. After gaining several minor prizes in our *Bullets* competition, he has succeeded in winning the first prize of £2,000 offered in Competition No. 486.

"*Bullets* is the only competition to enter," he said. "The best advice I can give JOHN BULL readers is to keep away from the obvious. I find the criticisms of my wife are the biggest help, and I would not think of sending in a coupon without letting her see it. I have been chaffed at my work very often, but now my fellow workers are almost as delighted at my big success as I am."

Mr. Grant has three children, and it is his intention to put aside £1,500 of his prize for them. With the remainder of the money he is going to give his wife a piano, and take a holiday they have long needed.

We congratulate Mr. T. H. Morboy of 43, Nebo Street, Daubhill, Bolton on his double success in winning the First Prize in *Bullets* Competition No. 485, and the Second Prize of £500 in Competition No. 486. Competitors have often enquired whether a *Bullets* First Prize-winner is debarred from further success; Mr. Morboy has answered their query in a remarkable manner.

A Borstal "Journalist"

OWEN WAVERING, of 12, Jubilee Place, Chelsea, S.W., had the misfortune, not long ago, to merit a little castigation in this journal, for his impudent imposture in posing as a journalist, who could, for a fee of five shillings, assist unemployed newspaper men with advice as to how to obtain work.

When this enterprising youth came out of Borstal he succeeded in selling the story of his life to the *World's Pictorial News*. Stimulated by this achievement, he aimed at higher game, and condescendingly offered to JOHN BULL a series of articles outlining a complete and comprehensive scheme for the reforming of things in general, and the Borstal System in particular.

Needless to say his offer was not accepted, in spite of his gallant effort to emphasise his journalistic pre-eminence by an urgent request for ten pounds on account.

Foiled in this vaulting ambition he fell back upon other projects, different in kind but not altogether deficient in interest. He decided to mix with the smart set and enjoy the life of the idle rich. In order to do so he was compelled to resort to many actions that must have been very disagreeable to an apparently fastidious young man of high social pretensions.

He stole a cheque-book belonging to an Army officer, and purchased a midshipman's uniform. He purloined some jewellery and pawned it. Then, in the capacity of the naval cadet of a famous family, he found his true métier—making love to society women.

He spent a holiday in Italy, where he achieved an amorous conquest over an Italian countess, who lavished money and presents upon him, and gave him the time of his bright young life. Her husband, however, appeared on the scene, and Wavering—or Netley Lucas, to give him his real name—made a sudden and inglorious departure for England.

A little trouble over a motor-car, which he had hired without any preliminary payment, and which he discarded at a seaside resort, stranding the chauffeur as well, led to his abandoning Mayfair and breathing the more bracing air of Fleet Street again.

As Owen Wavering, he was felicitously named—wavering between Fleet Street and Mayfair, between larceny and forgery, between sneak-thievery and hectic affairs with middle-aged society women. As Owen, the only mistake about his name was its spelling.

As a result of further investigation, consequent upon our exposure, Lucas, who had by that time absconded with a cheque belonging to his employer, was run to earth. He is now back again in durance vile, serving a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment.

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Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. You will relish your meals without fear of trouble to follow. Millions of all ages take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimply, Blotchy Skin. *They end the misery of Constipation.*

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Valuable Illustrated Book Everyone Who Desires Hair Health Must Send.

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AN extraordinary book which has just been issued from the Press, 10,000 copies of which have been set aside for presentation to *John Bull* readers, tells of a wonderful hair-growing discovery which in an amazing way enables those with healthy hair to preserve and add to its beauty and charm, and those with hair troubles to banish these completely.

This free book should certainly be in every home, for it is a valuable guide to hair health, as well as being a fascinating description of the splendid new hair-growing discovery, the value of which over 750 Doctors have endorsed.

There are tens of thousands of people to whom this book is of vital importance. Especially will those who have found the use of ordinary oils and pomades unsuccessful for their particular cases read its pages with intense interest. Doctors to-day unanimously condemn outward applications in such cases where only nutrition can reach the root of the trouble.

IMPORTANT!

DR. DAVID WALSH, M.D., Edin., says:—

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"One of the most widespread fallacies with regard to the hair is that it can be nourished by rubbing pomades and other greasy preparations into the skin. Like all other tissues of the body, hair derives its nourishment from the blood—the hair cannot be nourished by means of external applications."

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The new discovery told of in the book is called "HUMAGSOLAN." It is a scientific preparation in tablet form which a host of Doctors have incorporated in their practice. It is a doctor's prescription based on the obviously correct principle that to preserve and maintain hair in a healthy rich abundance and to conquer such troubles as Loss of Hair, Scurf, Dandruff, Seborrhœa, Alopecia (patchy baldness), Greyness, Splitting Hair, it is essential to introduce into the system the special elements that the hair needs for its very substance, and thus rebuild health and vitality.

A HAIR HEALTH GUARANTEE

In view of the confidence inspired by the new discovery in such cases as mentioned above, and the day by day endorsement of Doctors everywhere, the preservation of your hair beauty or the restoration of hair in healthy abundance, even in long-standing cases, can be guaranteed to those who follow the treatment conscientiously.

The Book, of which a copy awaits you, is illustrated with a series of wonderful drawings and contains advice of a very practical nature. If when writing for your presentation copy you care to state in confidence any particulars concerning the nature of your hair trouble, a personal letter of advice will accompany same.

For your Free Copy send the Coupon below to Messrs. Humagsolan, Limited, 71, Faraday House, 10, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

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Our Letter Parliament

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Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Can We Afford Children?

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article on the above subject deals with a question that most couples should ask themselves when embarking on the rough seas of matrimony. It must be acknowledged that only those with long purses and assured incomes can afford children in these troublous times, and it is this fact which is causing so much attention being given the disciples of birth control. Evidently the Government think we must not afford children, unless we are comfortably off, as only the landlord's children are mentioned in the new Rents Bill.—*G. G., Burnley.*

The Cancer Campaign.

Referring to yours "The Cancer Campaign" in this week's "J. B.," would it not be good as a beginning to get statistics from four of the religions, Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan and Hindoo? The first are meat eaters and alcohol consumers, the second eats no pork, the third eats meat but does not touch alcohol, and the fourth neither eats meat nor touches alcohol.

For instance, there may be found fewer cases of cancer among the Jews, which might mean that eating pork induces, cancer and so on.—*C. F., Cardiff.*

Why Not Outside?

Official stupidity and shortsightedness are rarely more convincingly exhibited than at our large post offices where automatic machines are provided for the delivery of stamps. These machines are invariably placed *inside* the offices, where the need of them is not very great because stamps can be obtained at the counter. But there is a crying necessity for them outside. Then persons, who, after 8 p.m., cannot obtain a stamp for love or money, would know at once where to go.—*P. Beasley*, 31, *Regent Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.*

Better Public Houses.

The only way to obviate the necessity of leaving children outside public houses is for the Government to give facilities for the passing of a measure on the lines of the Public House Improvement Bill. Under the terms of this measure a licensee will be enabled so to reconstruct his premises that a better type of public house (in its widest sense) will spring up, into which a man will be able to take his wife and kiddies.—*A. W. Simons (Wood Green).*

Insurance Windfalls.

The Unemployment Act of 1920 insures all workers receiving less than £250 p.a., with a few exceptions.

This Act has been praised by some and abused by many, but it is surprising that one of the most beneficial clauses is hardly known.

An insured person on reaching 60 is entitled to a return of his or her contribution with 2½ per cent. interest, less the amount received in unemployment pay.—*W. H. D., Radstock.*

Box Numbers.

Is it not time the law prohibited the use of temporary addresses and box numbers for advertisers? Much crime and suffering could probably be traced to their use or abuse. There have also been instances, especially in trade journals, where a man answering an advertisement with a box number, thinking to better his position, has applied to his own firm for his own job. Why should firms withhold their names when advertising for workmen? What have they to be ashamed of if the job is all right and fairly paid for?—*Watchman, Tonbridge.*

Women Blacklegs.

In view of the deplorable fact that hundreds of shop assistants and office workers are unemployed, it is grossly unfair that there are large drapery stores still employing married women whose husbands are earning good salaries; and offices still employing unmarried girls from well-to-do homes, who are only "out" to keep themselves in finery and have a good time. What is to become of these (unemployed) girls, many of whom are heart-broken and weary through months and months of futile search for employment?—*Indignant, Liverpool.*

Canada's Boy Immigrants.

Child emigration should be abolished. These children are exploited by being sent into Canadian families, where they are often badly treated. Boys sent to farms have to work fifteen hours per day for practically no wages for the first three years. The Salvation Army are now trying to get thousands of boys to come to Canada to work on farms. If the boys only knew what was in store for them they would stay at home. I have lived in Canada for sixteen years, during which time I have met many of these boys, and their stories of their life on a farm would deter any boy from wishing to emigrate.—*F. S., Winnipeg.*

Businesses for Sale.

One of the latest schemes which works out at a more than profitable scale is the small business for sale ramp. Well worded advertisements appear in quite a number of newspapers that such a greengrocery or confectionery business is for sale, that the weekly returns are most lucrative, and that the business can be had on most advantageous terms. With visions of getting rich quick, the weak and inexperienced rush to the agent, only to find, in many cases, the business in a back street, with stock worth a few pounds. When a deal is made the unlucky buyer invariably pays from four to six hundred per cent. above pre-war value. Prospective purchasers are often unable to withstand the blandishment of the business agent. The law should not allow parasites of this kind to batten off the working classes.—*R. K. D., Dundee.*

JOHN BULL'S One-Minute Exams

Which is right—"Coconut" or "Cocoanut"?

What is a raisin?

Are there potatoes in brandy?

What are the "doldrums"?

Why do raindrops smear the window panes?

Why do the Japanese make their furniture and homes of light material?

If you have any difficulty in answering any of the above questions, you need "The 'John Bull' Treasure Book of Knowledge," particulars of which will be found on pages 4 and 5.

Revenue by False Pretences.

According to Press reports something like 291,000 letters, posted to a Derby sweep-stake, were held up by the P.O. authorities.

It is safe to assume that most of these were registered letters, and it is clear that the post office accepted fees across the counter to the extent of several thousands of pounds in respect of letters which they had no intention of delivering.

Individuals go to prison for smaller swindles than this. Surely officials should have been instructed not to accept such letters.—*L. J. S., Cardiff.*

"Not Transferable" Tickets.

Why should the railway companies persist in regarding the issue of tickets as personal? Anyone who uses the return half of a ticket issued to another person is liable to prosecution. The ticket entitles one to a journey, so surely it is wrong for the company to deny the use of the return half to anyone except the purchaser. Yet, by its bylaws, if a father handing to his son a return ticket which he (the father) has been unavoidably prevented from using, he may find himself—in prison. This is a reform that is very much "overdue."—*Wm. Winder, Barnsley.*

Charity Begins at Home.

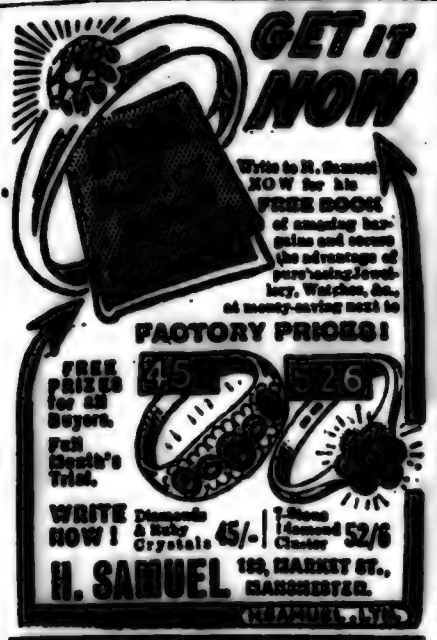
A leading newspaper is making an appeal for funds in aid of the university students of Central Europe, whose studies were interrupted by the war. The movement, supported by the Bishop of Manchester, is styled "The Imperial War Relief Fund," and already over £7,000 has been collected. It would be interesting to know (1) why, and on what authority, it is called "The *Imperial* War Relief Fund," and (2) why we are asked to subscribe to this fund, when we have in our midst the far more pressing need of those whose *bodies and careers* were shattered by the war?—*Mark West (Shrewsbury).*

Cutting Down Tommy's Pay.

Do the legislators, who are considering the reduction of Tommy and Jack's pay, realise the injustice of the act? Out of Tommy's already meagre pay, many sums are stopped for such things as:—Sports funds, regt. aid society, messing accounts, in addition to laundry and barbers' bills, and for repairs to clothing and boots. Out of the remaining pay cleaning materials have to be bought, and what is left has to buy us "smokes" for the week and pay for an occasional visit to the kinema or theatre. It is obvious then that a lot of discontent will accrue if the measure is passed.—"*Tommy,*" *Karachi, India.*

Newspapers and the Young.

Despite the fact that juvenile minds quickly assimilate and vividly retain impure and repulsive details in newspapers, it would be impolitic to restrain them from newspaper reading. Verbal acquaintances with events is fraught with grave mental confusion and moral obliquity to juveniles than the perusal of the Press. Purify and improve the latter vehicle of communication but—do not debar children from such a source of information. They must be confronted with truth, brought face to face with the stern facts of reality, if they are to be fully equipped to fight the battle of life. It may mean an acquaintance with the sordid as well as the beautiful, and the childhood of some illusions; but it ultimately tends to that comprehensive grasp of men and matters that denotes ripened intelligence.—*W. J. Flatman, 41, Farnham Road, Handsworth, Staffs.*



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Send your application for patterns. Make your choice, forward the small deposit, we will do the rest, and earn your unqualified thanks. Now, chaps, get hold of any old pen or pencil, write your name in clearly on the Coupon and post it off before you forget, a postcard will get patterns just as easily, but a coupon gets the "John Bull" set. Do not think a Catesby "Burlington" is one of those "ashamed of themselves" shoddy price suits that look worth only 20s. when the wearer gets inside it.

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(Signed) ELLEN J. BARON.

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F. R. G. (Sunderland).—"What is the penalty for bigamy?" Two mothers-in-law.

P. M. N. (Bury).—"My own class, the middle class, annoy me." Then you're annoyed at yourself.

TILLY (Cardiff).—"There's not enough decent men to go round." But decent men go straight, not round.

A. S. W. (Motherwell).—"Who is it that invents women's fashions?" We'd jolly well like to find out, too.

D. S. C. (Bromley).—"What sort of men are they that wear corsets." Well, we suppose they *are* sort of men.

M. D. (Chingford).—"I wouldn't say my wife lacks intelligence." Neither would we—not to her face anyhow.

P. T. R. (Airdrie).—"I don't like to see dogs treated like human beings." Nor human beings treated like dogs.

DOUBTFUL (Golder's Green).—"I don't know whether to have my voice trained or not." What do your neighbours think?

TOMMY (Lancaster Gate).—"My fiancee has been somewhat chilly to me lately." Better wear your overcoat when you go to see her.

M. A. W. (Hove).—"You can't meet trouble by running away from it." Sir! you can't meet anything by running away from it.

R. L. (Barbados).—"I am a reader of JOHN BULL for a considerable time." That's because there's a considerable amount to read in it.

P. D. (Bristol).—"As I always say, it's a long lane that has no turning." Fancy that now! we've heard you quoted again and again.

A. McG. (Girvan).—"Joking apart, Scots throw their money about just as much as Englishmen do." Sure! And make it go further, too.

M. W. G. (Herne Hill).—"I think orange and red the most tasteful combination of colours." And black and white the most exhilarating?

M. B. (Taunton).—"Women are always on the look out for something cheap." And judging by some of their husbands they often succeed.

C. H. F. N. (Southfields).—"Children were rushing about knocking against people nursing their glasses." Clearly they should have been nursing the children.

JIM G. (Sutton).—"Slow moving traffic should be confined to certain streets." On the other hand our express messenger tells us he prefers to stick to the ordinary thoroughfares.

C. L. (Hendon).—"Civilisation still goes on." Sure! nobody's trying to stop it.

M. A. S. (Bourne End).—"Married men are different somehow." And some are indifferent.

MRS. K. (Liverpool).—"The profiteer still exists." Exists! He's making a jolly fat living.

G. G. (Shotts).—"What will the next wireless development be?" The wireless clothes-line, perhaps.

CURIST (Wardour St., W).—"All my spare time is devoted to billiards." You take a rest occasionally, don't you?

R. E. (Sidmouth).—"Modern dancing isn't comparable with the old style." Righto! Then we shan't compare it.

T. S. (Derby).—"The papers are making a great song about building houses." And the song seems to be mostly refrain.

W. T. (Dudley).—"Give me three good meals a day and I'm satisfied." We'd have thought you'd have been fed up.

P. P. (Bilston).—"I can foretell the future just as well as most folk." And as most folk can't foretell the future at all——!

DOGGED (Clapham).—"It's a rocky road but we'll get there in the end." That's the spirit, so long as you keep off the rocks.

B. A. (Luton).—"My little two-seater left everything on the road standing still." Then no wonder you passed everything.

OLD BILL (Leytonstone).—"The best night cap is a tumblerful of water. I have one every night." Perhaps there's something in it.

DAD (Nottingham).—"The Government should encourage children." So far as we've noticed, most of them don't need any encouraging.

OLD TORY (Dartford).—"Recent happenings don't impress one with labour's ability to govern." They must learn to govern their own tempers first.

A. B. L. (Guildford).—"Women dress, not to make other women jealous, but to please themselves." Exactly! and the more they make other women jealous, the better they're pleased.

R. T. L. (Colchester).—"To my mind it would be a good idea if Income Tax was collected every week." To our mind it would be a much better idea if it wasn't collected at all.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

W. B. (Highbury).—"What is the good of crying for the moon?" It's no earthly good.

F. L. (Sydenham).—"Backing horses is a mug's game." Still, some of the big pots do it.

MOTHERLY (Dalbeattie).—"It isn't the clothes that make the lady." No! nor the lack of them.

F. P. (Winchelsea).—"I like novels with plenty of go in them." We prefer 'em with plenty of gore.

S. D. (Barking).—"Girls who have fallen do not deserve any sympathy." Madam! thy heart is stone.

FAIRPLAY (London).—"I would like to give you my confidence." Call and see us and we will give you ours.

T. R. (Sudbury).—"Husband and wife should be 'matey.'" But so often they both want to be captain.

X. Y. Z. (Leicester).—"Swearing is merely an acquired habit." Really now! we'd an idea it was often hereditary.

C. H. (Sheffield).—"Where does economy run?" Enquiries re racing should be addressed to Rowley Mile.

A. G. S. (Swanage).—"I am sending a little joke that may be useful." We have handed it over to our pensions department.

PUZZLED (Leeds).—"Inventions cause necessity and unemployment to many." And bring well-being and work to many others.

D. R. G. (Willesden).—"I feel capable of taking on the brainiest job in the world." Sorry, son, we aren't even thinking of resigning.

G. G. (Rotherhithe).—"The £400 a year professional man out of work is in a most awkward plight." Alas! So is every out-of-work man.

A. McD. (Glasgow).—"The women tram conductors are after you before you've time to get seated." Why not! 'Tis the fair are not all things fare?

B. C. C. (Gloucester).—"Americans aren't anything like so 'live' as they make themselves out to be." They certainly seem to lack spirit these days.

S. R. (Bristol).—"Our foreman is still working and he's over seventy-five." Tush! We know a foreman who's still working and he's over a hundred and twenty.

W. J. (Bolton).—"It would save time and trouble if the dole was sent each week by post." What about a Rolls-Royce calling so that you could collect it yourself?

FRENCHWOMAN (Toulouse).—"I enclose another contribution to 'The Greatest of These—' Fund." Many thanks. We receive your contributions weekly.

GEORGE (Walthamstow).—"One fine day I am going to carry off that *Bullets £250*." Let's hope it comes this summer, George.

ADAM SMITH (Renfrew).—"What is the unemployed really want?" Work.

W. R. T. (Lincoln).—"I'm a very heavy sleeper." We're over 18 ourselves.

O. P. (Chelsea).—"I believe in this for the moment." We believe in it the time.

CAUSTY (Helensburgh).—"How do you treat a cold in the head?" With contempt.

W. B. (Stockton).—"Tradesmen don't give the credit they used to. Nor do they get it.

J. E. (Barnes).—"A home without a child is only half a home." Then it is a home and a half.

R. K. Y. (Ardross).—"I'm well satisfied with married life." Yes! But what is your wife to say about it?

W. G. (Teddington).—"I can do for myself that I'm no clock watcher. You seem wound up anyhow.

REDOSE (Salisbury).—"Sometimes troubles are a blessing in disguise." We're blessed if you're right.

R. K. (Warwick).—"My troubles are nothing to speak of." Good! Then we shan't say a word about them.

R. T. (Grantham).—"All my friends appear to misunderstand me." Perhaps that's why they're your friends.

PERPER (Wigan).—"I make a point of always keeping my eyes open." And judging by your letter, your ears.

MISS M. (Letchworth).—"Red-haired people are invariably upright and honest." Bet you're called "Carrots" at home.

A SOUTHENDER.—"The Government should tax all empty houses." And exempt all occupied ones! Good!

L. C. S. (St. Leonards).—"We don't want to live up in the air all the time." No, sir! Not being a bird, we don't.

M. S. (Catford).—"My hubby has recently mended his ways." And now he's a darned good husband, we suppose.

T. R. (Tulse Hill).—"All the nice men are married." Then it's up to you to get married and make a single man nice.

S. W. (Pinner).—"I write most legibly when I use a pencil." If your letter is a sample, we strongly recommend a typewriter.

W. W. (Southampton).—"What happens now when an American liner leaves port?" It leaves all other interests as well.

C. M. (Highbury).—"How can I fill up my Income Tax form when I don't make head or tail of it?" Sounds a toss up to us.

P. L. (Yarmouth).—"I never waste time conversing with fools." Then we take it that you never gave yourself a good talking to.

D. R. (Manchester).—"I look upon you as quite an old friend." Steady on! We're nothing like so old as you seem to think us.

T. B. W. (Cannock).—"What better than lying in the sunshine by the seashore." Lying in the moonlight more usual, isn't it?

A. G. (Cromer).—"He tried to kiss me the second time we met." Never mind! Perhaps he didn't have a favourable opportunity the first time.

R. T. (Bridgeton).—"Universal Brotherhood or Communism is the only hope for the future." Then for the future there's no hope, brothers.

V. E. (Leicester).—"Although authorities say otherwise, most roads in a disgraceful state." They've certainly been cracked up a lot lately.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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Housing and Efficiency: The New Housing Bill. By Stuart G. Colvin.

Amateur Athletics. By Capt. F. A. M. Webster, (Author of "Throwing," "Jumping," etc.)

Seven Susceptible Sins. By Eustace Miles, M.A.

The Business of Constipation. By Clifford B. Severs, N.D., D.C., D.O.

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"KEEP SMILING"

A Puzzling Problem for a Poor Woman

AN American writer once said: "Advice is like kissing: it costs nothing and is a pleasant thing to do." Perhaps some such thought was in the mind of the vicar of a prosperous parish in a flourishing seaport town, who, having been informed that some of his flock were in great distress, decided to pay a visit to their home a week or so ago. He inquired after the health of the bed-ridden breadwinner, and after listening to a pitiable story of suffering and want, turned away with the remark: "Keep smiling! Better days will come!"

We can well understand the poor woman's puzzled wonderment as to how she was expected to benefit by this advice. Her husband has been lying ill in bed with rheumatic fever for eleven weeks. In addition to her sick husband she has a family of four little children to provide for, and she is quite unable to go out to work herself, as she is expecting to be confined again very soon.

All the money there is coming into the house is fourteen shillings a week sick benefit. It should be fifteen shillings, but by some inexplicable interpretation of the regulations the dispensers of Mr. Lloyd George's "rare and refreshing fruit" have decided that a shilling a week must be deducted because the man's contribution card was short of two stamps in 1922, and up to the present this shortage has cost him eleven shillings.

Out of the pittance allowed the family ten shillings a week has to be paid for rent, leaving only four shillings to provide nourishment for a sick man, an expectant mother, and four hungry little children. At the time of the vicar's visit there was not even a piece of bread in the cupboard.

La Rochefoucauld cynically observed: "Men give away nothing so liberally as their advice." Faced with so pitiable a condition of poverty and distress, all this parson could think of was to recommend the poor woman to "keep smiling!" How can she smile in such terrible circumstances?

We have granted her a little relief from "The Greatest of These—" Fund. We have many more cases deserving of assistance than we are able to help with the means at our disposal, and we again appeal to our readers to send us generous contributions to enable us to relieve more of the terrible distress which is continually being brought to our notice. Many are preparing for happy holidays. A few shillings may easily be spared from the money set aside for amusement to carry sunshine into darkened lives, and your enjoyment will be increased by the knowledge that your trifling sacrifice has enabled some suffering soul to "keep smiling!"

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 491.

LABOUR TROUBLES	LOOKING FOR WIFE
RISE AND WARN	OUR BARBER
BREAKING AWAY	BAD LOT
WHEN SHE BATHES	COUNTRY LIFE
UNSETTLED	MARRIED YOUNG
GARDEN ADVICE	MY TURN
SEASIDE LOVERS	FLAPPER'S IDEA
MODERN SCHOOL	HER GAME
A HOME	WHEN DOGS LEAP!
GREAT EXPECTATIONS	AFTER DINNER

These examples can be made use of on the Coupon on page 31, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JULY 26th. All Coupons so used must be marked clearly with the number 491 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 491, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Each Coupon must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 490.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 487.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. CHARLES LAIRD, Parkwood, Torquay.

Example :—POOR PLAY
Bullet :—STALLS "COMPLIMENTARY"—GALLERY OTHERWISE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
Mr. HENRY PREECE, 4, Pontesbury Hill, Shrewsbury.
Example :—OVER THE STILE
Bullet :—SHOULDN'T MEAN OVER OCEAN.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. CLIFFORD CROLEY, Corridge, Cuckfield, Hants.
Example :—MY FAMILY
Bullet :—BLACKGUARDS—HER FAMILY ANGELS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:
Mrs. E. E. DIXON, 68, Crystal Palace Road, East Dulwich, S.E.:
A PENNYWORTH—MILE ONCE—PLATFORM NOW.
J. A. N. EDGE, 145, Bolton Road, Walkden, Manchester:
LOT TO SAY—QUEUE OUTSIDE THE BANK.
H. D. SKOYLES, 26, Aberdeen Road, Wealdstone:
INQUISITIVE—FARMERS, ANNOYING COVENT GARDEN.
(Sent in on "Target" prize coupon.)
W. POULTER, 400, Manor Lane, Sheffield:
DANCING—DOESN'T TIRE LIKE DUSTING.
T. JACKETT, 9, Nelson Road, Landport, Portsmouth:
AFTER THE REST—WHEN GRANTED CONCESSIONS, TURKEY.
J. LEADER, 10, Normandy Street, Alton, Hants:
TRIAL OF STRENGTH—OF 'LINER'S CHOCOLATES, NEXT.
C. WALLS, 58, Strathmore Road, Horfield, Bristol:
A PENNYWORTH—REQUIRED—NEWLYWED ORDERS SHILLINGSWORTH.
E. ROEBUCK, 199, Kilnhurst Road, Sandhill, Nr. Rotherham:
LOT TO SAY—"THANKS!"—SO NOD INTRODUCED.
A. TREVETT, 82, Samuel Street, Woolwich, S.E.:
SUSPICIOUS—CROWD MEETING IN CELLAR.
J. S. MANN, c/o Old National Schools, Mitcham, Surrey:
DANCING—OFTEN SAVES CHORUS SHIVERING.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:
A. W. THORNHILL, "Highbury," 225, Yarborough Road, Lincoln:
ALL WRONG—TWO BREADWINNERS—NO COOK.
Nurse R. M. SANSON, 2, Southampton Parade, Cotham Hill, Bristol:
SUSPICIOUS—CHEMIST, SO INGREDIENTS HARMLESS.
C. CURL, 172, Hartfield Road, Wimbledon, S.W.:
AFTER THE REST—FATHER CARRIES PICNIC HAMPER.
EDWARD HODGSON, 9, Albert Terrace, Esh Winning, Durham:
FULL OF LIFE—SOME FEAR BEING BURIED.
Miss R. BARKER, 53, Cliffefield Road, Sheffield:
IN A PICKLE—NOVELIST KILLS OFF CHARACTERS.
G. W. EXWORTH, 75, Rosebery Road, Ipswich:
REVIVING—QUICKLY, MEMORY OFFERED BRIBE.
L. BAILEY, Church Street, Slaidburn, Clitheroe:
LOT TO SAY—SOME PARENTS—TOO LATE.
J. R. W. CODD, 118, Broad Street, Birmingham:
MY FAMILY—TREE, ANCESTORS PROBABLY INHABITED.
Mrs. E. M. BEAVER, 25, Charles Road, Small Heath, Birmingham:
HER FIRST WORD—ON RECEIVING PHOTOGRAPH—"AWFUL!"
WILFRED GOOCH, 25, Jackson Avenue, Ilkeston:
ON THE RIVER—HUG BANK BEFORE GIRL.

100 Prize-winners of £1:
Miss B. M. Adcock, c/o 318, Victoria Park Road, Leicester; E. Alder, 78, Woodville Road, Thornton Heath; F. Allan, 6, Ninth Avenue, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss M. M. Allan, Longstone, Holland, Rodmin; H. Alexander, 21, Fortescue Road, Bournemouth; G. Anderson, 20, Holland Street, Aberdeen; R. Anderson, 65, Woodstock Road, Belfast; G. T. Andrew, 8, E. Laurence Street, Burkhaven, Fife; Miss N. Baber, Langford, Nr. Bristol; Miss Bailey, 16, Lonelly Road, Tolworth, Surbiton; C. Batchford, 4, Wellington Parade, Gloucester; Miss F. Beazley, "Violet Cottage," Highfield Road, Maidenhead; D. E. Belk, 121, Charlotte Road, Sheffield; G. E. Bell, 25, Park Terrace, Barnesfield, Co. Durham; Mrs. Bennett, C.O. Station, Wells, Norfolk; D. Bennett, Bonnington Bridge, Leith; E. Bowers, 31, Fairfield Road, Saxmundham; J. Brady, 48, Kensington Road, Thorpe Bay; T. J. Brand, 16, The Avenue, Herne Bay; E. Brown, 15, Bernard Street, Nottingham; J. J. Brown, Crown Hotel, Harrington, Cumberland; Butler Bros., 40, Flower Market, Covent Garden; Mrs. A. C. Cave, 1st Leicester Regiment, Aldershot; Mrs. C. Chatfield, Richmond Terrace, Seaford; Mrs. M. Cheshire, 5, Rosslin Place, Abbeyhill, Edinburgh; G. W. Clark, 120, Northwold Road, Clapton; Miss L. Cloud, 28, Carlyle Road, South Ealing; E. C. Cooper, Harwell, Steventon; C. D. Crafford, 74, Tytney Road, Forest Gate; E. Crawford, 46, Market Street, Limavady, Ulster; T. S. Davies, "Verda," Fant Road, Dovelais, Glam.; Mrs. G. Dee, 6, Lanford Road, Lindfield; J. J. Duff, 61, Pembury Road, Tottenham; R. A. Duncan, 9, Brampton Terrace, Philadelphia, Co. Durham; L. Duncan, 29, Arcadian Gardens, N. 22; E. H. Dutton, Charnwood Road, Shepshed, Leicester; H. Edwards, c/o I. Wentworth Road, Croydon; Mrs. E. Finlayson, 9, Viewfield Road, Arbroath, N.B.; Mrs. A. Fisher, 40, Portune Gate Road, Hibbleden; W. D. Gage, 2, Knarlsbrook Road, Redhill; Miss E. O. Gates, 88, Western Road, Brighton; F. T. Gibbin, 86, Catherine's Road, Long Melford; E. Gray, 14, Cumberland Street, Lerwick, Shetlands; E. Gray, Cromdale, Burghead, N.B.; Mrs. Greenfield, 18, Curtis Street, Uttoxeter; Mary E. Green, 44, Cambridge Street, Stockport; Miss M. Gregory, 34, Hartford Road, Newton, Huntingdon; Mrs. M. Hanratty, 3, Crescent

(Continued in next Column.)

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2nd Prize £20 — 10 PRIZES OF £5 — 10 PRIZES OF £2 10

100 Prizes of £1

3rd Prize £10 — 200 PRIZES OF 5/ — 500 PRIZES OF 2/6 — 4,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 490.

THE FRENCH WAY
WITCHING WAVES
UNSOLVED PROBLEM
LORD CURZON
THE OPEN ROAD
INDEPENDENT ACTION
HOMELESS
BRITISH SHIPS
LOST AND FOUND
NO THOROUGHFARE
GIVING THE SHOW AWAY
GOOD SERVICE
RAINING
STICKING IT ON
FLAPPER'S HOLIDAY
SAVING UP
ON THE LINE
PRECIOUS LITTLE
BEST FRIEND
HELP NEEDED
STUMPED
LAST DANCE
KEPT QUIET
NICE TO HEAR
GAY SPARK
MY BOOKIE
FIRST WOMAN
TELLING
TIRESOME FELLOW
NAUGHTY
BEST JUDGE
USEFUL.

(Continued from previous Column.)

Road, Egremont, Cheshire; Miss M. Harrison, c/o (shop) 7, Station Road, Wombwell; E. A. Hawker, West Rype, Lydd, Kent; F. H. Hinsma, 32, Gloucester Grove, Oxford; W. H. Hodder, 71, Elm Road, Mile End, Portsmouth; Mrs. Hodgson, "Tanmeade," Neasham Road, Darlington; M. Holmes, c/o Mrs. Franklin, 26, Penn Street, W.C.; E. P. Hopkins, 13, Skinner Street, Swansea; S. Hopton, 22, Lower Granton Road, Trinity, Edinburgh; T. E. Hosking, Copperhouse, Hayle, Cornwall; J. Hunter, Green Ends, Alston, Cumberland; A. E. Jackson, 101, Burtonstone Lane, Clifton, York; F. Jackson, Acacia Villa, Crown Street, Peterborough; T. J. James, Pen-y-bryn, Talywain, Nr. Pontypool; W. Jarvis, 27, Rasmat's Park Road, N.W. 1; Mrs. A. John, 41, Clifton Street, Plymouth; A. F. Johnson, 2, Preston Avenue, Sandhill, St. George's, Selop; Miss H. Kerry, 80, Derby Road, Stapleford, Notts; F. H. Kimberley, 19, Lansdown Crescent, Cheltenham; Mrs. F. Laurie, Yew Cottage, Compton, Guildford; H. Lank, 51, Harrington Street, Grimsby; Miss J. H. Lee, 12, Fifth Avenue, Dirleton, N.B.; W. H. Mason, Fairview, Barming Heath, Kent; A. V. Mellor, 16, Crofts, Nantwich; J. Mustard, 20, Grant Street, Cullen, N.B.; D. R. Neill, Bushmills, Co. Antrim; H. Newton, 6, Minden Street, Pendleton, Manchester; F. A. Oakes, 212, Queen's Road, Norwich; F. Owens, c/o R.B., 11, The Bridge, Wealdstone; W. Owens, 2, Dosford Terrace, East Murton, Co. Durham; F. W. Palmer, 24, Ramown Road, Swansea; J. Peplar, Seven Villa, Market Street, Tredegar; F. Poole, Vanner House, Cefn Coed, Merthyr; J. Ratcliffe, 17, Bruce Road, Well Hall, S.E. 9; F. W. Richardson, 54, Lady Margaret Road, Southall; Mr. Robbins, 24, Dalmeny Avenue, Norbury; G. W. Roper, Thatched Theatre, Norwich; E. V. Rowbotham, Rushton, Kettering; Mrs. R. E. Sanders, Hall Cottage, Bournston, Halesworth; J. Self, 22, Duke Street, New Seaham, Co. Durham; Mrs. N. Shamsookha, 40, John Street, Sharpnel; Miss N. Simmonds, 5, Clarence Road, Newport, I.O.W.; H. Smith, 1, Wharton Road, Bromley; E. B. Finch-Smith, 27, Stamford Road, Brighton; Mrs. Taylor, Police Station, Harley Hill, Co. Durham; W. Taylor, 20, Newport Road, Swadlincote; W. E. Thompson, 2, Harrowon Road, Bromley; E. B. Tozer, 67, Somerset Road, Tottenham; E. K. Warburton, 19, Windsor Grove, Bolton; C. Wilkinson, 19, Saville Street, Hull; J. J. Wilson, 29, Bewley Street, York; H. M. Wood, 6, Brooklands, Stafford; A. E. Wootton, 69, Mansfield Road, Hampstead.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—OUR BABY *Bullet*:—AND FRANCE'S GIANT—AVIATION. *Example*:—YOUNG MOTHER *Bullet*:—FINDS "KEEPING YOUNG" DIFFICULT. *Example*:—RISKY MOVE *Bullet*:—SECRET SOCIETY ADMITS WOMAN. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 490, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 19.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(490) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 19.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(490) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 19.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(490) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 19.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(490) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 487 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 489 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £2,010 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 486 can be seen in the window of Mr. Dunn, Newsagent, Coulsdon Road, Caterham, Surrey.

"Bullets" Rules and selection of Examples for Competition No. 491 will be found on page 30.

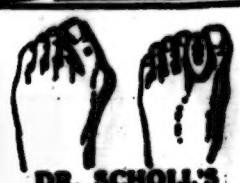
Relief for all Foot Ailments

Look out for "Scholl" dressed windows. Our packages, as illustrated here, with their yellow and blue colourings, are distinctive and striking. Where you see them, you may be sure of receiving complete relief from your foot troubles.

DR. SCHOLL'S ANTERIOR METATARSAL ARCH SUPPORT restores the arch across the ball of the foot. Relieves and corrects pressure and pain at the sole, bunions, etc. Price, per pair **12/6**

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer. Weak, flat feet—ankles that ache and turn, relieved instantly and corrected permanently by this appliance. Men's or Women's sizes. Price, per pair **10/6**

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION REDUCER protects the sensitive inflamed area from pressure. Reduces the enlargement by absorption, and stops shoe pinching. Rights and lefts in Men's and Women's sizes. Each **2/6**



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DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO PADS made in corn, bunion and callous sizes. Prevent rubbing, pressure and friction. Self-adhesive—no strapping. Put one on—the pain is gone. Price per packet **1/3**

DR. SCHOLL'S WALK-STRATE HEEL PADS. for run-over heels. They preserve the shape of shoes and ensure them wearing down evenly. Equalise the body's weight. Men's and Women's sizes. Per pair **1/-**

Flat or weak feet, bunions, corns, callouses on the sole, weak ankles, pain in the instep, under the ball of the foot, hot, tired and perspiring feet, and all painful foot conditions, can be instantly relieved and permanently corrected by

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

These Appliances, besides being anatomically perfect, are adjustable to individual needs, thus ensuring complete foot comfort to the wearer immediately. They contain many small but highly important features that are quite exclusive to Dr. Scholl's Appliances, and are constructed from only specially selected materials under expert supervision.

Dr. Scholl's Appliances and Specialities are universally endorsed by the medical profession, and their practical utility in all cases of foot trouble is amply testified to by the millions of satisfied wearers. Dr. Scholl's Appliances are worn unobserved in the ordinary footwear, the shape of which they preserve.

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